

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 220.]

NEW YORK, JUNE 7, 1873.

[VOL. IX.

DHOW-CHASING OFF ZANZIBAR.

FIRST PAPER.

THE abolition of slavery, and especially of the slave-trade, has been pronounced by one who was conspicuously engaged in its overthrow in this country, "the most noteworthy moral and political struggle in the annals of civilization." For more than a century it has claimed the attention of Europe; it enlisted the ardent support of the most enlightened and influential men in every civil-

sult of her humane efforts is that, with the exception of the Chinese coolies and the few hundred natives kidnapped yearly in the South-Sea Islands, this frightful traffic is now confined to that portion of the East-African coast lying between the Red Sea and the island of Madagascar of which Zanzibar is the capital and emporium.

About thirty years ago England made a

and foreign residents, recalled popular attention to the subject, it was believed that the first result, at least, had actually been brought about.

Within the past four years, however, two parliamentary commissions have "sat" upon the subject, and a mass of testimony collected which shows that not only has the trade not been diminished, but that it is growing stead-



ZANZIBAR HARBOR, AND FLEET OF DHOWS.

ized nation; it cost our own country hundreds of thousands of lives, millions of dollars, and years of untold suffering; and it has awakened a sentiment, participated in by all the leading governments of the world, that, while the holding of slaves must be left to each nation as belonging to its own internal policy, the *slave-trade* should be put down wherever it exists. This mission, especially as regards the high-seas, has been accepted and acted upon by England since the freeing of her own West-Indian slaves; and the re-

strong effort to put a stop to this trade by stationing cruisers on the coast, with orders to sink the *dhow*, liberate the slaves, and hand the traders over to trial; and these efforts have been kept up intermittently ever since. In 1860 a treaty was signed with the Imaum of Muscat, and subsequently with the Sultan of Zanzibar, which, it was thought, would reduce the trade to extremely small proportions, and lead to its speedy extinction; and, until the letters of Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Kirk, and the reports of missionaries

ily in proportions and in atrocity. The chief provision of the treaty—already spoken of—was, that only a sufficient number of slaves should be imported to keep up the supply of slave-labor in the dominion of Zanzibar, and it was estimated that from seventeen hundred to four thousand annually would be required for this purpose. Yet the customs returns show that at least twenty thousand, and, perhaps, twenty-five thousand slaves a year, during the past five years, have been *exported* from Zanzibar to Persia, Arabia, the

Portuguese possessions, and even to the west coast of India. The sultan derives a large part of his income from the traffic, and has, of course, winked at it; and the relaxed vigilance of the English cruisers appears to have encouraged the dealers to unprecedented efforts in getting slaves to market.

Most of these slave-dealers are Arabs, who have almost a monopoly of the traffic, and the atrocities of which they are guilty in collecting their merchandise are scarcely credible. Whole districts have been completely depopulated within the last few years, and entire tribes either killed or carried off to the northern slave-markets. Dr. Livingstone speaks, in one of his letters, of the vast and fertile territory lying between Lake Nyassa and the coast. When he passed through it in 1867 it was well populated, and covered with evidences of industry. In 1869—only two years later—when he went over the same ground, the villages were burned, the country deserted, and what remained of the population was gathered around the shores of Lake Nyassa, where now the slave-dealers must go in search of their victims. The plan adopted by these dealers is to go into the interior in small parties, well armed, and provided with articles for the barter of slaves—such as beads and cotton cloth. On arriving at the scene of their operations, they incite, and frequently help, the natives of one tribe to make war upon another. Their assistance almost invariably secures victory to the side which they support, and then the captives become their property, by right or by purchase, the price in the latter case being only a few yards of cotton cloth for each slave. In the course of these operations thousands of natives are either killed or die subsequently of their wounds, or of starvation; villages are destroyed, and the women and children, especially, carried away as slaves. Having by these and other means obtained a sufficient number of slaves to allow for the heavy losses on the road, the dealers start with them for the coast. The horrors of this long journey of five hundred miles have been fully described by Dr. Livingstone and others. The slaves are marched in gangs, the men with their necks yoked in heavy forked sticks, which at night are fastened to the ground, or lashed together, so as to make escape impossible. The women and children are bound with thongs to a long rope. Any attempt to escape or to untie their bonds, any wavering or lagging on the journey, has but one punishment—immediate death. The sick are left behind, and the route of a slave-caravan, from the lake to the sea, can be tracked by the dying and the dead. The Arabs, of course, only value these poor creatures at the price which they will fetch in market; and, if they are not likely to pay the cost of conveyance, they are gotten rid of. A large number in consequence die or are murdered on the journey, while the survivors arrive at their destination in a state of the greatest misery and emaciation.

This description, horrible as it is, only relates to their march to the coast; the slaves must still encounter the sea-voyage in dhows to Zanzibar and other slave-markets, the sufferings of which will be indicated farther on.

Such is the reckless atrocity of the whole system, that Dr. Livingstone estimates that for every slave landed at Zanzibar at least five have been put to death; and he computes, further, that this East-African trade alone involves a drain upon the interior population of not fewer than one hundred and eighty thousand annually.

It is these revelations which gave rise to the recent agitation in England on the subject, and to the sending of Sir Bartle Frere to demand of the Sultan of Zanzibar a complete surrender of the slave-trade, and a pledge that slavery shall be abolished as soon as possible in his own dominions. The latest account from Sir Bartle Frere is to the effect that the sultan has refused his demand, though it was supported by the governments of Germany, France, and the United States; and, as this refusal is likely to lead to renewed efforts on the part of England to put down the trade by blockading and cruising along the coast, a book just published by Captain G. L. Sullivan, of the Royal Navy, and describing five years' experience in the suppression of the slave-trade, has a special timeliness and interest.*

Captain Sullivan's experiences dates from 1849, when he went out as midshipman to her majesty's ship *Castor*, belonging to one of the first expeditions that the English Government assigned to this work. They arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in August, 1849, and, the ship being detained on account of the convict dispute then going on in that colony, her boats were detached and ordered to cruise in the Mozambique Channel, in order to intercept any dhows engaged in the slave-trade that might pass that way. The boats consisted of the ship's pinnace and a barge, a private boat belonging to the commodore. On the way to their cruising-ground in the channel, they touched at Madagascar, and Captain Sullivan gives an interesting description of the inhabitants of that island. It can hardly be said that they are under the laws or government of the king, for the natives of villages within a few miles of each other are continually fighting among themselves upon the smallest provocation, or simply to obtain plunder; and so warlike are they that it has been found too dangerous, indeed almost impossible, to make slaves of them. Intellectually, they are as far superior to the ordinary African negro as the Somaulies or Gallas in the north of Africa, neither of whom are classed as negroes by the Arabs; and so dangerously treacherous are they, that, whenever the ship visited the island for provisions or water, the crews dared not enter the river without being armed—the arms, however, being concealed under the thwarts, lest the sight of them should provoke the natives to hostilities.

On two occasions Captain Sullivan witnessed their readiness to refer their disputes to their spears. The first was when visiting one of their villages in the pinnace, at a place where the river was very narrow, not more

than a few yards across, and very deep. As Campbell, one of the officers, was sky-larking with them, and practising at throwing the *assagi*, or spear, it accidentally went into the river. This enraged the owner, who, by his angry tones, collected a crowd around him that seemed almost equally irritated; and in vain Campbell offered to pay for the lost weapon. At last, matters became so serious that one of the sailors dived into the river and brought up the spear, to the astonishment of the natives, who, though expert swimmers themselves as a rule, looked unusually serious, and their exclamations of astonishment were so loud that the sailors could not understand the cause, until told by a French merchant, resident there, that the river was so full of alligators at that part that no one ever ventured into it, and that only a few days previously a child had been taken off the bank by one of these monsters!

Another instance was when subsequently there in the *Castor*. "The boats," says Captain Sullivan, "were stationed off the beach, as a guard over a party from the ship which was employed filling casks with water, to protect the men against any attempt to attack them. A negro in a canoe came alongside the boat I was in, and offered some fruit for sale in a small grass or reed basket; these, together with the basket, were purchased by some one in the boat, who received it out of the canoe. He then shoved off, but returned soon after and demanded the basket back, saying it was not a part of the bargain; when, on its being refused him, he shoved the canoe off a few yards, exclaiming, 'Then me fight for it!' at the same time lifting his spear, which, had it been thrown, would have been a signal to the rest of the native canoes for a general attack on the white men, and we should have had a similar occurrence to that which took place a few years previously, when a boat's crew, consisting of Lieutenant Molesworth and ten or twelve men, were attacked and massacred within a few yards of the ship, then lying out at anchor, the whole of the canoes escaping to the shore before the *Cleopatra* could get a gun to bear, or fire a single shot at them. This occurred at a place on the west coast of this island, that has since been known as Murderer's Bay; and, seeing the serious consequences that must have ensued, the basket was returned to the man, who appeared to be greatly pleased at having got what I suppose he thought the best of the bargain."

The boats sailed from Madagascar straight to Angoxa (pronounced Angoza), on the main-land; but, before following their adventures further, it will be necessary to describe exactly how the slave-trade is carried on in these waters.

And first, of the vessels in which the slaves are transported. The only boats used at all by the natives in East-African waters are dhows, which, with their huge sails, lofty sterns, and low bows, "look like some clumsy sea-monster in the act of diving, or still more do they resemble a vessel going down by the bows." There are four different varieties of these dhows, viz.: the *batelle*, the *badane*, the *bugala*, or genuine *dhow*, and the *malapa* boat. The *batelle* and *badane* are

* "Dhow-Chasing in Zanzibar Waters and on the East Coast of Africa. A Narrative of Five Years' Experience in the Suppression of the Slave Trade, by Captain G. L. Sullivan, R. N." London: Sampson Low & Co., 1873.

northern vessels, built chiefly in the Persian Gulf and on the Arabian coast, and are by far the largest in size as a class. Like these

in the rig and shape of their sails, but differing in the hull, are the *bugalas*, or *dhow*s, which are built on all parts of the eastern coast of Africa. They are by far the most numerous class, which has led to the custom, not strictly correct, of the name "*dhow*" being generally used when speaking of any of them. The *malapa* is the most remarkable and primitive of all, being simply a large barge, built with strips of bark of a tree, sewed close together with thongs of hide, and rudely calked with rags or cotton. This class draws only a few inches of water when light; they are purely a native

craft, built high up the rivers by negroes, and owned and manned by them alone. Their sail is as primitive as their hull, consisting of a square straw mat, suspended to a pole or yard hoisted to the mast by a rope of the same material; and one hand has to be continually employed baling them out, or they would soon fill and sink. Yet they are used in conveying ivory and gum down the coast toward the close of the southwest monsoon, when the weather is particularly fine, and return again with the light northeast monsoon.

The dhow is a crazy craft at best, clumsy, slow, dangerous, and inconvenient; but, when fitted up as a regular slaver, the poor creatures put in them are stowed away, as shown in our illustration, sometimes in two, sometimes in three tiers, on extemporized bamboo-decks, not sufficiently distant from each other to allow them to sit upright. Here

they are compelled to stay during the whole of a voyage, sometimes lasting ten days; and when sighted by a cruiser, and finding escape

traders' slave-trade," by which is meant, that trade carried on in dhows which are legally engaged in conveying the produce of the country,

such as ivory, copal, hides, rice, and corn; and in illegally smuggling a few slaves on board, or as many as they can stow conveniently with the least possible risk, but which have no authority for conveying them even in Zanzibar territory. This latter trade is by far the most extensive of the three, and is the one with which it is most difficult to deal. The *negoda* (or captain), whether he be owner or not, purchases a few slaves at the first port he puts into, and increases their number at each port as he proceeds north, until, as the dhow nears its destination, where the inconvenience will be

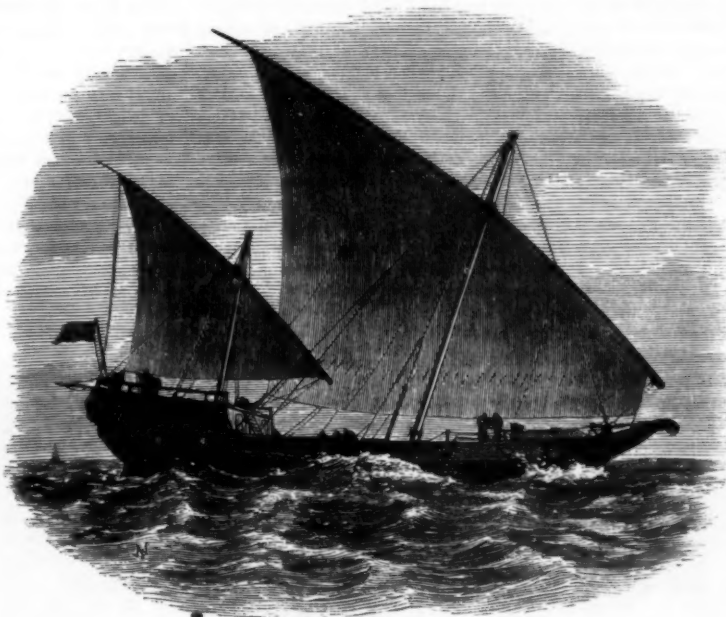
impossible, the boat is frequently run directly upon the beach, and the slaves left to escape as best they can.

Of the slave-trade itself, there are three distinct forms, which may be classed as—first,

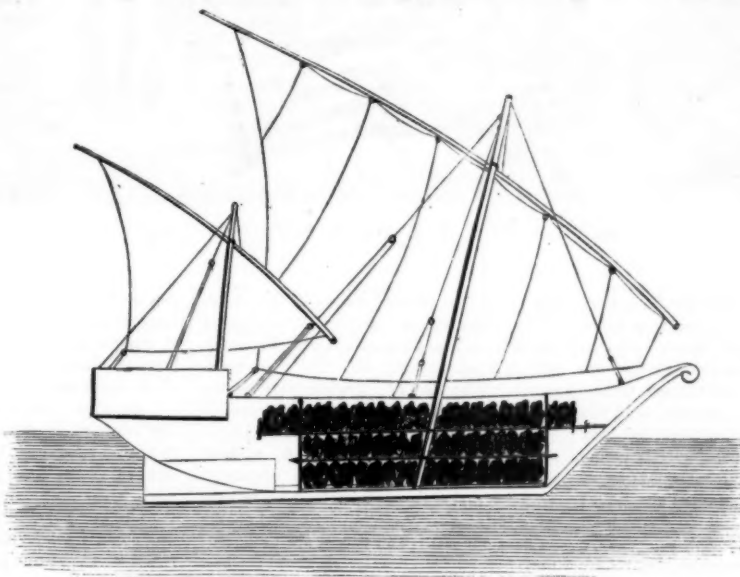
felt but a short time longer, and the risk of capture is almost nil, she has become filled with slaves, stowed in all manner of ways, and, unless the cargo is such as they can be fed on, they are often in a starving condition on arriving in port.

Many devices are resorted to by the captains of these dhows to escape detection, and its resulting confiscation. By taking on at each port two or three slaves, in a tolerably healthy condition, they can pass a considerable number off as part of the crew; and, without an interpreter who can read the ship's papers, ascertain the number allowed for the crew, number of passengers, etc., and cross-question the negroes themselves, detection is almost impossible. When, however, the number reaches, as is often the case in

such vessels, to a hundred or more, it is necessary to adopt some other plan. Twenty or thirty, perhaps, are told off to represent the crew;



BUGALA, OR DHOW.



SECTION OF VESSEL, SHOWING THE MANNER OF STOWING SLAVES.

the illegal slave-trade; second, the legal slave-trade, done under the treaty and by license of the Sultan of Zanzibar; and, third, the "legal

the half-dozen Arabs, who are generally on board and concerned in the matter, dress up some of the women-slaves, each representing one as his wife, and sometimes he is fortunate enough to have two; the remainder of the negroes, or as many as possible, are dressed up in Arab costumes and called passengers, and they, too, sometimes have their wives sitting by them, if the women are too numerous to pass off in any other way. All these are usually ranged round the dhow in dumb silence; and it is in this way, by taking, in addition to their cargo, as many negroes as they can possibly pass through, that these so-called "legal traders" convey about one-third of all the slaves to the more northern markets.

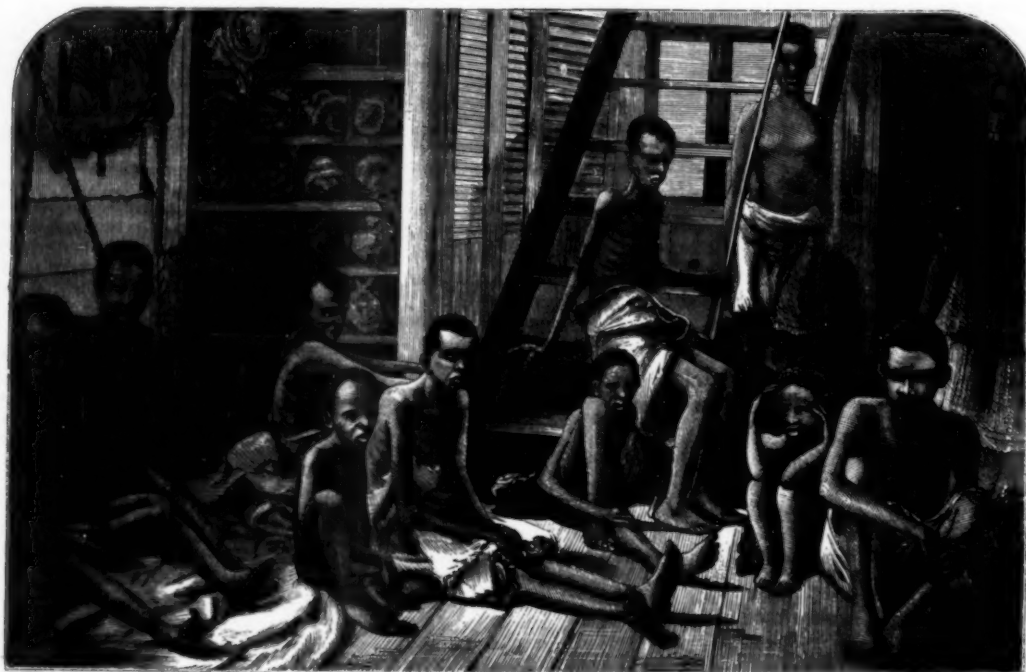
On the 15th of March, 1850, a dhow, evi-

dozen genuine Arab brutes, one of whom appeared to be monarch of all he surveyed.

"By the unaccountable faith of an Englishman that all languages are so far inferior to his own that bad English most resembles any unknown tongue, and therefore of course ought to be understood, we thus cross-questioned these anxious-looking nigger-drivers, who made themselves equally understood to us in their Arabic as we probably did to them in our mutilated English. 'How you do?' (shaking hands with every one who chose). 'Where you come?' 'Where you go?' when, as if they understood what they were asked, or the signs accompanying the question, they moved their hands first to the south and then to the north, and spoke the words 'Mozambique' with the first, and 'Zanzi-

being a slaver, or that what they had given us to understand was not true, and we knew so little of this trade, and had no conception of its being carried on in that way; indeed, the efforts of the cruisers were directed at that time chiefly against American and European vessels, which were supposed to be carrying on the most extensive trade. We left the vessel with the astonished Arabs in ecstasies of delight, and, by way of expressing their overflowing gratitude, and surprise too, perhaps, at our not taking their vessel, they passed two or three fowls and several coconuts into the boat."

Owing to this inexperience, the absence of an interpreter, and the insufficiency of boats for crossing the channel, very few captures of any consequence were made during



GROUP OF SLAVES IN A STATE OF STARVATION, TAKEN FROM A CAPTURED DHOW.

dently of this character, was overhauled by the boats, and, on going on board, they found a numerous and grotesque crowd arranged round the vessel, much in the manner described above. "There were about twenty or thirty negroes," says Captain Sullivan, "pretending to be very busy, accomplishing wonders in unstowing or stowing some cargo, rolling up sails, hauling taut ropes that ought to be let go, and letting go ropes that ought to be hauled taut; they had no doubt been frightened into this vigorous and deceptive action by the usual Arab story that 'white man eat black man if he get him.' About twenty more black men were dressed up in Arab costume, having a few negresses by their sides, who never before were so rolled up in cotton, lashed up like hammocks, with nothing but their eyes appearing; and half a

bar' with the second wave of the hand. 'What dem nigger der?' They point to the sails, and make a motion with the hands like that of hoisting it, 'Oh! dem crewmen.' 'Who dese?' Another wave of the hand from south to north, and a good deal of jargon, in which the words 'Mozambique' and 'Zanzibar' again occur. 'Oh! suppose dem passengers.' 'Where am papers?' This we make them understand by writing with the forefinger of the right hand on the palm of the left. The papers are produced; they might have been, for all we knew, bills of sale for the niggers on board, or warrants for their execution, or, more probably, directions as to where our boat was, how to avoid it, or to cut the throats of every Englishman if they could get the chance. We could do no more, we had no proof of her

this cruise, and the most important achievement of the expedition was the destruction of the piratical slave-fort of Angoxa. This fort was situated a short distance up the river of the same name, and had an evil reputation as a place where the barracoons were continually kept full of slaves ready for shipment. It had six large guns mounted on it, and was manned, at the time, by over two thousand men, Arabs and negroes; and underneath the fort was a large dhow of about one hundred tons burden, hauled close on to the beach with her bows high and dry. Advancing with the rising tide, the boats moved steadily, one after another, upon the fort under a heavy fire from it, and from a stockade close by. In less than a quarter of an hour the fort was silenced, and the garrison driven into the woods, whence they were also soon

dialogued by grape and canister from the pinnace. The slaves had, in the mean time, all been conveyed into the interior; but the dhow was burned, and the boats retreated to their previous anchorage for the night just in time to avoid being left high and dry by the now-receding tide, in which case they would probably have been surrounded and had a more serious tale to tell.

Shortly after this action the *Castor* sailed for Zanzibar, and the cruise was ended.

From Zanzibar Captain Sullivan returned to England, but he made two subsequent cruises in these waters in 1867 and 1868, during which he had many exciting experiences, the relation of which will be reserved for another paper.

MY STORY.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.

WHEN I left Sylvy's cabin, the lovely dusk which reigned over the earth when I entered had given place to absolute night, brightened only by that tender, fairy-like lustre which we call starlight. The air came, with a cool freshness impossible to describe, to my fevered cheeks, though magically soft for the season, as I walked slowly along the path—every foot of which I knew—that led to a stile in the rear of the manor-kitchen. It was not strange that, as I walked, I felt stunned and bewildered. The startling scene through which I had so lately passed had come upon me with the force of such absolute surprise that it might have crippled, for a time, the activity of even a stronger brain than mine. The pale, set face of the dead woman—the face which I had bent over, and which I shuddered to remember that I had even *touched*—seemed to go with me as I hurried down the sloping path. I could not banish it, nor the flushed face of a sleeping child with a corn-colored mop of curls, at whom Sylvy had pointed sorrowfully, saying, "It's for *him* she came."

For him! That Kendall might be given to *him*, and Ross sent back to China! That was the thought that came to me like a flash—the first, instinctive comment of my jealous heart. It had been my thought, indeed—though only vaguely grasped—when I first heard who the dying woman was. Does any one think this strange? If so, let me say, once for all, that, though I do not intend (God forbid that I should intend!) to extenuate any of the thoughts and acts which it is part of my story to record, yet it is impossible for him to judge dispassionately of this story, who does not remember that a young savage of the South Sea would have had a decided advantage over me at that time in point of moral, social, religious, or any other kind of training, and that I had grown up in such utter isolation from even the faintest affection that there was scant cause for wonder in the fact that I was ready to defend, at all costs and all hazards, the interests of the sole creature I had ever found to love.

For it had come to that. As I walked down the hill-side path, I was conscious of a

wild, fierce desire to keep these intruders at bay, and to defend Ross against them—Ross, whom they had come to rob and to send back to China! I paused at the stile when I reached it, and, leaning my arms on the top, with a soft, sighing music in the pines behind, the cheerful lights of the manor-windows in front, and the great, starry sky overhead, pondered the problem—what could I do? Naturally enough, no answer came. Instead, even I had sense enough to see that I could do nothing. There was Sylvy, there was the dead mother, and there was the living child; while Uncle Kendall, who had already exceeded the time appointed for his absence, might reach home at any hour. In the face of these overwhelming odds, what hope was there that I—the most insignificant of creatures—could find any means to outwit them all, and secure to Ross his rights—I seriously considered them his rights—which were so gravely threatened? What difference did it make to me that the woman and the child in question were Uncle Kendall's direct descendants, while Ross was only a distant kinsman? I thought only of *him*. I fear that I should have thought only of him if the whole Decalogue had been arrayed on the other side.

It was while I still stood under the starlit sky, and still thought of many a wild, impracticable scheme—loath to enter the house, because I had promised Sylvy to bring Ross to her—that I was startled by the ring of a familiar tread advancing quickly toward the stile. Ross was coming for me! My heart gave a great leap—partly from the joy which his coming always brought, but partly also from relief, for I had been nervously dreading his arrival all the while I was in Sylvy's cabin. That I had no high sentiments of honor myself, I think my story amply proves; but still I could understand Ross, and I felt instinctively that all the chivalry of his nature would rise up for that pale, dead mother and her helpless child, if he saw them. Therefore, my first thought was one of relief that he had *not* seen them.

"Ross!" said I, putting out my hand and touching him, with a soft laugh, when he came to the stile.

He had not seen me, and he gave a great start.

"Beryl!" he said. "Is it possible this is you? I was just coming after you. What are you doing here all by yourself, and what has kept you so long?"

"I stopped here as I came back from Sylvy's cabin," I answered, wondering a little if my voice did not betray what I had seen in Sylvy's cabin. "It is so beautiful I was in no hurry to go in. Did you ever see a lovelier night, Ross? Look at that splendid planet! Is it Jupiter, do you think? And there are the Pointers and the Milky-Way, and—"

"Yes," said Ross, interrupting my vague astronomical knowledge. "But I have come for you in haste, Beryl. Your uncle is very ill, and wishes to see you."

"Uncle Kendall!" I exclaimed. It was a good thing we were in the dark, and that he could not see my start, nor the pallor which overspread my face. "I—this is very strange. When did he come, Ross?"

"He was in the house when I reached it two hours ago," Ross answered. "They told me he had arrived about an hour before that. He sat down in the sitting-room alone, and when I came in I found him fallen over with a stroke of paralysis."

"O Ross!"

"I applied some remedies myself, and sent post-haste for a doctor, who came much sooner than I expected. He is better now—that is, he can speak a little, and he asked at once for his lawyer and you."

"Will he die, Ross?" I asked, in a whisper.

"So the doctor thinks," Ross answered, gravely.

After that I said nothing more. I let him help me over the stile, and walked by him in utter silence toward the house. Since that night I have never trod that path; but I remember every turn of it better than I remember the scenes of yesterday—I remember every thing connected with that night, the stars which were brightly glowing overhead, the soft sighing of the distant pines, the crisp rustling of the dead leaves under our feet, the dark outlines of the house cutting against the steel-blue sky, the lights gleaming in the windows, even the very spot where Ross put out his hand and drew mine into his arm.

"Why are you so silent, Beryl?" he asked. "Did I shock you with my news? And you are trembling all over, poor little one. Is it with cold?"

With cold! Ah, if he could have known—if he could have seen—why I was trembling in every limb like an aspen. Robbery! It was not robbery to hold my tongue, to say nothing, to let the old man die in ignorance; and yet—I clung to him, quivering all over.

"No—I am not cold," I said. "It is because I am nervous that I cannot keep still. O Ross, do you—do you know what Uncle Kendall wants with me?"

"Can you not guess, Beryl?" Ross asked, gravely yet tenderly.

After that nothing more was said. We entered the manor in the rear, and passed to the sitting-room, where the lawyer, the doctor, and an old gentleman, a Mr. Collins, were comfortably smoking over the fire, and talking the current news of the day. They rose at my entrance, and, when Ross asked if there had been any change in the sick man, the doctor answered that there was very little *as yet*, but the sooner the business on his mind was transacted, the better. Then Ross led me straight into his chamber.

It is not likely that I shall ever forget the scene upon which I entered. Indeed, it has been one of the nightmares of my life. For years I dreaded to sleep lest I should dream of it, lest I should see again—as I so often did—the twisted, helpless figure, the awful, distorted face which met my gaze when I crossed the threshold of that room. My nerves were already unstrung, and I shrank back piteously, covering my eyes with my hands—but Ross led me on. "My poor darling, you *must* come!" he said, in a whisper.

And so I reached the bedside—so I stood shuddering and gazing into the harsh old face transformed so hideously. The mouth was

wrenched into a ghastly and horrible grin—even the eyes filled me with terror when they looked at me. I dared not scream, yet I could scarcely restrain the inclination to do so when Ross left me a moment and went to the head of the bed—bent over the lips striving desperately to speak, and uttering only inarticulate sounds terrible to hear.

"Beryl is here, sir," he said. "Will you speak to her? or shall I?"

After an effort, there came an answer which seemed to mean "You."

Then Ross held out his hand to me, and I came tremblingly nearer, and placed my own in it.

"Your uncle wishes to ask you, Beryl," he said, "whether you are willing to marry me, and to trust your interests hereafter in my hands?"

"Yes, uncle," I answered, addressing the eyes which were fastened on me, and from which I could not remove my own. "I am willing to marry Ross. I—I have promised to do so."

Then the distorted lips, the paralyzed tongue made another effort, and, after a minute, wrenched out in broken, guttural sounds, the word "Now?"

I did not understand, and looked at Ross. He seemed a little puzzled himself.

"Now?" he repeated. Then—as he seemed to catch the drift of some inarticulate sounds the helpless man was making—he added, quickly: "Do you mean to ask Beryl if she is willing to be married *now*?"

The eyes brightened and the head nodded. Evidently this was what he *did* mean.

"That is for Beryl to answer," said Ross, turning to me with a sudden flush on his cheeks, and a sudden light in his dark eyes. "I am ready, sir. If Beryl says yes—"

But I seemed to choke. I tore my hand suddenly from him, and turned away—I say yes! How could I, oh, how could I? It was not the shyness of a timid maiden which made me shrink from those tender, passionate eyes, that close-clasping, eager hand. God knows I might have been fourscore for all I thought of maiden shyness *then*. It was a sudden, horrible sense of the deceit that enveloped me—it was the memory of the dead woman and the sleeping child in Sylv's cabin! I was willing to do *any* thing that the princely fortune, which that poor wreck on the bed had scraped and toiled and denied himself even the luxuries of life to amass, might come to Ross—willing even to hold my tongue and let the sinful soul pass away without one opportunity to say, "Lord, forgive me as I have forgiven!"—but all suddenly I felt that my soul was stained by this silence, and that my hand was not worthy to touch the one which Ross held out to me.

I turned away, and, walking blindly across the room, dropped down upon a window-seat. Thither, in a minute, Ross followed me.

"Beryl," he said, in a tone in which pain and surprise seemed struggling together, "what is the matter? Are you angry with me? I know it is hard for you to come so suddenly and so irrevocably to one whom you know so little—and I should not have dared to ask it. But he is dying—the old man yonder—and you remember he said, on that

first evening, that he wished to see us married before he made his will."

At these words, I raised my face. It came to me like a flash, that every thing hinged on the marriage. Until *that* took place, the will would not be signed which would make Ross master of Kendall. I looked up with startled eyes into the face looking down upon me.

"Don't you think Uncle Kendall would defer the marriage, Ross?" I asked. "Don't you think he might sign the will without—without that?"

"He might," said Ross, "though I should not like to ask it of him—but I am not thinking of the will. I am thinking of *you*, Beryl. Why do you hesitate?—why will you not trust me? Is it because you have not learned to love me yet? Is it because you were mistaken—out there on the hill this afternoon?"

"Mistaken!" Ah, if he could have read my heart! "O Ross, Ross," I cried, "I love you better than anybody in the world! I have never loved anybody but you in my whole life. I would die for you, if I could; but I—oh, I cannot marry you!"

"Do you mean never, Beryl?" asked he, growing pale.

"No—oh, no," answered I, with feverish eagerness. "I mean I cannot do it now—to-night."

"Why not, if you love me as you say you do?"

"Because—oh, because I am not worthy of you, Ross."

"Not worthy!" He smiled as he took my hands. "My pretty, foolish darling, is that all?"

All! If he could have known what that "all" comprised! I looked at him, and wondered he did not see it in my face—surely not the face of a girl shrinking only because she loved.

"You said this afternoon that some one—some other woman—deceived you once," I said, nervously. "I—O Ross, I may be doing the same, for all you know."

"You!" he repeated, incredulously. "You—with that child-face, those angel-eyes? If you swore it, Beryl, I should not believe it."

"Not you, then; but—but some one else."

"My darling, this is nonsense!" he said, gravely. "You are tormenting yourself about some childish fancy or scruple—but there is not time for such things now, Beryl. Death will not wait for your decision. It is advancing yonder very fast. You must decide quickly what you will do."

"Ross," said I, eagerly, "if he died without signing any will, to whom would the property go?"

"To the heir-at-law," Ross answered, "that would be yourself. Why do you ask?" he went on quickly. "Do you think that I am urging you to marry me on account of the will? If you can do me such injustice as *that*, Beryl—"

But I interrupted him hastily. "I did not think of it for a moment," I said. "I only asked because I wanted to know—the heir-at-law means the nearest relation, does it not?"

"Yes," answered he, looking at me gravely.

"Then, if there were others nearer than I, they would inherit it, would they not?"

"But there are no relations nearer than you."

"Supposing, though—only supposing—that there were, could they break a will after it had been signed?"

"Not under ordinary circumstances," said he. "But why do you ask such questions? Beryl, if you are thinking that this fortune might be yours—"

"I am thinking that I will marry you this moment, Ross," I said, with almost feverish eagerness. "I am sorry that I have wasted so much time; but I did not know—I did not understand. If it is necessary for me to marry you before the will is signed, I—I will do it at once. Come—quick!"

When Uncle Kendall heard that I had consented to the marriage, he seemed pleased, and desired that Mr. Collins might be summoned at once. "He is a magistrate," Ross said, in answer to my glance. "The legal ceremony is all that your uncle desires. Of course, the religious one can be performed afterward, if you desire it."

"I do not care," I answered, sincerely enough. It would have been strange if I *had* cared, considering that at that time of my life I knew no more of religion than that it was a vague abstraction, of which Aunt Kendall sometimes predicated (mostly when she was particularly out of sorts and out of temper) that it was all the comfort she had, and which was supposed to take people to church on Sundays when they had any fine clothes in which to go. I never had; so I stayed at home, and was edified by scraps of cynical atheism from Uncle Kendall's bitter old lips, which I carefully treasured and pondered upon.

Mr. Collins came in with the lawyer. Mr. Kendall had requested him to be in readiness for such an event (as the marriage, not the death) ten days before, I heard the latter explaining to Ross; so he had the will drawn up in readiness for signing, and the license in his pocket. "The sooner it is all over the better," the doctor said, as he turned away from an observation of his patient.

So, in that bare, ill-lighted chamber, with the distorted face of the dying man before our eyes, with the doctor standing by counting his feeble pulse, with Aunt Kendall sniffing a little (purely because it was the proper thing to do) in the background, and with the lawyer now and then rustling his papers, Ross and I were married. Surely a ghastlier bridal never took place! Surely a bride never stood more utterly and desolately alone at such an hour! I did not think of it then, however. Never having known care or love, how could I miss it? I had Ross. That was enough for me. O my God, that would be enough for me, I am often tempted to think, even within the gates of Thy paradise!

After the marriage—after Mr. Collins had uttered those words which, even from *his* lips, sounded strange and solemn, "I pronounce you man and wife"—there was no rush of congratulation and compliment, such as I have seen since then at weddings, where love had a much smaller place than with you and me, my poor Ross! Mr. Collins shook hands

and muttered a few words, the lawyer and doctor did the same; I heard afterward that the latter described the marriage all over the country-side as "the most mercenary bargain he had ever witnessed." Aunt Kendall advanced and shook her head over us. "No good'll ever come of it," she said. "What's begun in sorrow isn't likely to end in joy. I never saw the like of such a wedding in all my born days—never!"

Then certain inarticulate sounds from the bed signified to all of us that Uncle Kendall was impatient even of this delay. "The will!" we heard him trying to say, "the will!"

Then the lawyer produced and read aloud this important document. I tried to listen and to grasp its meaning—for, was it not necessary that I should do so?—but, listen as I would, the legal jargon was to me unintelligible. I could make nothing of it. My head was in a whirl. Did it give Kendall to Ross? Did it provide that he should never need to go back to China again? I put up my hand and caught his, resting on the back of the chair in which he had placed me.

"Ross," I whispered, as he bent down, "does it give every thing to you?"

"Every thing," he answered, quietly.

Then I was satisfied. All that I desired would soon be accomplished. When the will was signed and sealed in the presence of the witnesses there assembled, all which seemed to me trembling in the balance but a little while before, would be secured to Ross. He would be rich and free, and could care as generously as he pleased—far more generously than that stern old dying man would have done—for the boy with the flushed, smiling face and tangled, curling hair, asleep in Sylvy's cabin. I gave a sigh of relief, and laid my cheek softly against the hand resting so near. It was a very toil-worn hand; and I remember thinking, with a thrill of pleasure, that, after that night, it would never need to toil again. From first to last, God is my witness, Ross, I thought then, as I think now, only of you!

After the will was read, the signing took place. First, the paralyzed hand of the dying man was guided over the letters of his name. Then the witnesses appended their signatures. After this—which I watched breathlessly—the lawyer gravely shook hands with Ross. "A very fine inheritance, indeed, Mr. Kendall!" he said. But Ross answered nothing. I think he felt that these congratulations in a death-chamber were out of place.

Then, while we still stood grouped about the bed—watching the flickering breath come and go, and waiting for the end—a step which I knew suddenly sounded in the room beyond. How I knew it—how I guessed that it was Sylvy, who had heard of her master's illness, and was coming to him—I cannot tell. I only remember that I sprang suddenly away from Ross—I seem to see yet, as in a dream, his look of surprise—and rushed across the floor. With all my haste, I was only in time to meet the old woman on the threshold.

IV.

"Go back, Sylvy!" I said, catching her arm. "Go back! You are too late. Uncle Kendall is dying!"

"Dyin' or not, Miss Beryl, I'm comin' to him!" she answered, sternly. "You nor nobody else shall keep me back when I've got to speak for her that's gone, and the helpless orphan she lef'. It's no thanks to you I heard about him," she added, fiercely, "an' it's not you shall keep me away now."

"But he is dying—he is speechless. What good can it do?"

"Speechless or not, he shall hear ole Sylvy!" said she. "You might as well stand out o' my path, Miss Beryl—I'm comin' in. The Lord has sent me to speak for them that has nobody else to speak for 'em—and I am goin' to do it!"

"No, you are not going to do it!" said I, between my set teeth. We were standing face to face in the door-way—I tall and strong, she small and frail—and, as I said those words, I put a hand on each of her shoulders, and bore her back. It was so suddenly and swiftly done, that she had not time to resist or protest. She gave way like a reed, and I whirled her—how, I have not an idea—through the anteroom in which she stood, clear across the passage, and into a sort of nondescript house-keeper's room, where Aunt Kendall mostly sat. There I deposited her in a chair.

"You shall not go in there to disturb a dying man and make a family scandal before all those strangers!" I said then—slightly breathless myself. "The woman is dead—you know that—and the child shall be cared for better than *he* would ever have done. That ought to satisfy you!"

"But it don't satisfy me!" cried she, as soon as she could find her voice. "It don't satisfy me—an' it never will satisfy me! Every thing ought to belong to him—the blessed chile—an' not to you nor that sweet-heart of yours neither. It's a sin an' shame to see him 'at has a right to be here, turned out for them 'at has no right—an' so I'll say, as long as the Lord gives me breath!"

"You are a most unreasonable old woman!" said I. "Did I make Uncle Kendall leave his fortune away from his grandchild? He knew he had a grandchild, didn't he? He hasn't left it to me, if that will gratify you."

"Then he's left it to one with less right than you," said she, sullenly.

This I did not choose to notice. "Go back to your house," I said. "You are talking folly. The child shall be cared for, I promise you that!"

"I should like for him 'at has a right to promise, to tell me *that*," she said.

"You shall not go near him!" I cried; but as I spoke the door opened, and Ross walked in.

At the first sight of him I felt my heart die within me. Somehow I knew what was coming then. If I had had my senses about me, I should have gone forward at once to meet him and draw him from the room; I should have told him the story first myself at any cost; but, at the moment of emergency, my self-possession deserted me—as self-possession mostly does when it is needed—and I stood pale and silent, while he crossed the floor and came up to me.

"My darling," he said, taking my hands, "it is all over. He is dead!"

"Is he?" said I, with a gasp. Fool as I was, and horrible as it may sound to those who discreetly bury in silence the involuntary emotions of *their* hearts, this news came to me with a thrill of relief. I do not remember that I even tried to be sorry; that I even gave one thought to the cheerless life that had ended—to the sinful soul that had gone. I only thought of Ross. Whatever I had done, the result was gained. He was master of Kendall now. None could gainsay that last will and testament signed and witnessed scarce an hour before.

"So he is dead!" said I, shuddering a little. Then I drew my hands from the kind clasp which held them, and walked over to where Sylvy stood.

"You hear that!" I said, in a low tone. "Now go! After a while I will speak to Mr. Kendall, and every thing shall be done that is right; but you must go!"

I could not help a certain imploring ring in my voice despite its tone of authority; and this she caught. She gave me a quick glance of mingled surprise and defiance out of her keen black eyes.

"I'm much obliged to you, Miss Beryl," she said, dryly; "but I'll speak to the new master myself, since I didn't git leave to speak to the ole one."

"Sylvy!" cried I, grasping her dress as she strove to pass me.

But she broke away and walked up to Ross, who was standing on the hearth-rug, looking surprised at this scene.

"I ax your pardon, master," said she, dropping her old-fashioned courtesy, "but Miss Beryl's bin a tellin' me that ole Mass Kendall's lef' all his property to you; an' I thought I'd make bold to come an' tell you that his daughter's a lyin' dead in my cabin, an' that his grandchile's there too, with nobody to see after him but an ole nigger like me."

"What!" said Ross. It was scant wonder that he was startled. Such news at such a time would have been likely to startle any man.

"Are you mad?" he asked, when the statement had been repeated. "What is the meaning of such a story as this?—Has she been telling it to you, Beryl?" he went on, turning to me. "If so, what does she mean?"

"I means what I say," answered Sylvy; for my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. "Go to my house an' look fur yourself, if you don't believe me, or ax Miss Beryl here. *She* can tell you, fur she seen Mass Kendall's daughter afore she died."

"Beryl!" said Ross. There are no words in which I can express the mingled amazement, incredulity, and appeal of his tone. Then, after a minute's long silence, "Beryl, what does she mean? What falsehood or absurdity is this? Your uncle's daughter died long ago."

"She died this evenin'!" cried Sylvy, with energy, before I could speak. "Them that said she died long ago was liars, that wanted what should a bin hers. She's a lyin' in my cabin dead this minute. Send ole Mis' Kendall, send Mr. Collins, send Dr. Burton. *They* all knowed her when she was young. Let *them* say if it ain't true, an' if I'm a liar!"

Her passionate, vehement voice carried conviction with it. I saw that in his face even before I heard it in his voice, when, after a short pause, he said, sharply:

"If this is—if this can possibly be true, why did you not come and tell it before your master died?"

"An' how was I to know that he was a dyin'—how was I even to know that he had got back home?" she asked. "Nobody was goin' to come an' tell ole Sylvy. Miss Beryl, she knowed who was in my cabin, but instead of sayin' a word fur 'em, she turned me back from the door when I come to tell ole master myself."

"Beryl!" said Ross again. This time it was a hoarse cry, and, turning sharply away from the woman before him, he came up to me.

"Beryl!" he said, taking my hands and gazing at me with passionate, wistful eyes, which seemed to pierce my soul; "for God's sake, tell me—is this true?"

What could I say? I do not think I would have hesitated to lie, if lying would have served any purpose; but, even through the mist of my reckless folly, I had sense enough to know that facts were too strong against me for that resource. I had instinct enough to feel that if I wished to make utter shipwreck of Ross's love and respect, I had only to add deliberate falsehood to criminal silence. Therefore, I could only look at him—at the face I loved so dearly growing white and stern before my gaze—with piteous, imploring eyes, conscious the while that my heart was rising into my throat—so young a heart, O Ross, and so untaught, that I sometimes think you might have been more patient, even with its deceit!

I saw that he read my answer in my face, and that he would ask no other—*Ahem*. He dropped my hands suddenly, and, turning away, walked back to Sylvy.

"Come!" he said to her in a hard, cold voice. "Let me go and prove this story of yours!"

She followed him readily enough, and they passed out of the room together—leaving me alone. For a moment I stood bewildered. Had Ross left me like that? Ross!—for whom I had done every thing? Then I rushed after him—overtaking him in the passage beyond.

"Ross," I cried, catching his arm imploringly, "what are you going to do?—why should you care so much for this news? The will is safe. Every thing is yours!"

He turned and looked at me. I think sometimes that in my grave I shall remember that look. Then he shook off my hand.

"Go back, Beryl," he said, in a strange sort of voice. "I will come to you after a while—but go back now."

"Ross, I—I should like to come with you."

"It is no place for you," he said. Then he led me—gently, but alas! not tenderly—back to the room I had left, closed the door, and went his way.

For a minute I was stunned. Then—well, I do not remember much after that until I seemed to rouse out of a wild passion of sobs to find Aunt Kendall standing over me, a

glass of cordial in her hand, and an awed, frightened look on her meek, commonplace face.

Of what she said I have little more recollection than if her words had been water and my mind a sieve. I only remember that she had been sent by "Mr. Kendall" to look after me, to put me to bed, and to see that I rested—and that I refused absolutely to be looked after, to go to bed, or to rest. I demanded to know where Ross was; but when I heard that he was superintending the removal of the dead body from Sylvy's cabin to the manor, I asked no more. I only turned with a look that hushed even the garrulous comments on her lips.

"I can hear none of that now," I said. "Go to bed. I shall wait here till Ross comes. He cannot be long."

But he was long—wearily, terribly long. Shall I ever forget the watches of that terrible night? I did not dare to seek him again after the repulse I had received; so I could do nothing but wait—pacing the floor most of the time in fevered restlessness, and listening with heart-sick expectation to every step which sounded in the passage, to every one of the sounds with which the old house seemed full, the strange tide of life which Death always brings in his train. It must have been very near daylight when, overcome by exhaustion and weariness, I fell asleep in a large chair before the fire; and, when I waked with a start, Ross was standing before me.

He looked pale, haggard, and very grave, I thought, as the morning light streamed over his face; but his first words were full of concern for me.

"Beryl," he said, "is it possible that you have been here all night?"

"Yes," answered I, looking at him blankly, numbly, as it were. I remembered every thing perfectly—as perfectly as if I had not slept—but somehow my passionate emotion had all died away, and a great apathy had come over me instead.

"But why did you do such a thing?" asked he, bringing a shawl from another part of the room and wrapping it around my unresisting figure. "It is enough to make you ill. I thought you had gone to bed long ago."

"Aunt Kendall came for me," I said, "but I did not choose to go. You said you were coming back, and I—I thought I would wait."

"But did you think I meant you to wait for me all night?" he asked. "How could you be so foolish? It will surely make you ill."

"Oh, I am strong," said I, with a little weary shiver. And God knows this was true enough, else I should have died long since of sheer pain and hopelessness.

Then for a minute there was silence. Ross stood and looked at me. I sat and looked at the dying fire. The cold, gray daylight streamed in through the unshuttered windows, a cock was crowing in the yard without; I even remember that somebody walked across the floor of the room overhead, and I speculated vaguely concerning who it was. Then:

"I did not expect to find you here," Ross said, abruptly. "I came in for a little quiet

—for a little time to think—but perhaps it is as well that we should understand each other at once. I have something to ask you, Beryl."

"Well!" said I, faintly. I knew what was coming, but I scarcely shrunk. Only—it is a good thing to think that there are some minutes of life which we shall never have to live over; and that is one of them.

"Well," he echoed, after a second—and his very lips seemed to grow pale with the effort of speaking—"I want to ask if it is true, this horrible story, that you knew—you, Beryl—of the dying daughter who had come to seek her father's protection for her child, and that, standing by that father's death-bed, seeing him bequeath his fortune to a stranger, you uttered not one word to warn him of the heir who was so near—of the grandchild whom he was wronging so deeply by such a will?"

"Have you not Sylvy's word for it?" asked I, gathering myself together in the chair, and gazing steadfastly at the embers on the hearth.

"Sylvy's word!" he repeated. "What is Sylvy's word to me? What is the word of anybody in the world in comparison with, or arrayed against, yours? Beryl"—he came suddenly forward and took my passive hands into his eager clasp—"say something to me! Tell me it is not so! Tell me that it is a lie or a mistake; tell me that it is *any thing* sooner than true, and God knows I love you so well that I shall believe you in the face of every proof against you!"

Even yet I hear the thrill of imploring passion in his voice. Even yet my tears fall heavily to realize how much he must have loved the woman to whom he spoke like that. Poor Ross! It was hard on him when my dull, mechanical answer came—spoken as if I cared so little for his pleading or his pain.

"But I cannot tell you any thing except that it is true—quite true. I knew the whole story, and I said nothing!"

"But why? Why did you not speak even to me?"

I shrugged my shoulders a little. Such a question seemed so foolish. "Because I wanted the will signed," I answered.

Then he let go my hands—suffered them to drop out of his clasp as if he had no longer need or care to hold them.

"You acknowledge that!" he said. "You—such a mere child—to love money so! You to plot for it in such a manner as this!"

This charge, from the very bitterness of its injustice, stung me out of my apathetic calm.

"I thought of you!" I cried out—"of you only, of you all the time! I wanted the fortune for you, Ross. How can you think I wanted it for myself?"

"How can I think otherwise?" he asked, coldly and hardly. "It is true you secured the fortune to me, but was it not because you could in no other way secure it to yourself? Do you fancy I do not understand now why you only consented to marry me when you heard that the will depended on your doing so, and that, without a will, the property would go to the heir-at-law? I was fool enough to think you cared for me *then*. I did

not understand who the heir-at-law was, you see, or how your only hope of gaining the estate was to sacrifice yourself to me. I have thought it all over until it has almost maddened me!" he went on, turning away, and beginning to pace the floor with a quick, restless motion. "It seems so impossible—and yet it is so plain! Such a child—and with the very face of an angel—to have learned the lesson of her sex so soon and so well! And I, who should have known better, to be so entrapped," he added, with a low, unmitigated laugh—"I, who had known my mother, and that other woman who looked at me with eyes almost as frank as yours, and jilted me to marry another man when she found that I was poor. Unhappily, you cannot do that!" he said, stopping again before me.

"Ross!" said I, hoarsely. My lips seemed dry and parched. It was like a horrible nightmare. Ross to believe that I only married him to secure the fortune! I could almost have laughed at the grotesque absurdity of the thought.

"How you shrunk from me," he went on, "when I first spoke of our immediate marriage! I cannot forget that gesture—it was full of greater significance than a hundred words. Then—afterward—how you forced yourself to the sacrifice because it was your only road to wealth! And now, with all your youth and all your beauty, you are tied to a poor man!"

"Ross," I cried, "are you mad?—what do you mean? The will!—you said the will could not be set aside!"

"Except by the lawyer," he answered, coldly; "but I have already instructed your uncle's lawyer to draw up the necessary papers for making over the estate to its rightful heir."

"Ross!"

"You are shocked, no doubt," he said, still more coldly. "But even for your sake—though I pity you from my heart!—I cannot accept a bequest which is so palpably unjust!"

Shocked! I was stricken dumb and motionless, rather. Such a thought as this had never occurred to me for one moment. I had fancied the will to be final and unalterable, and now—for Ross to talk of giving up all that I had secured to him! I could not speak—I could scarcely think! My very heart seemed to stand still.

"Set your mind at rest about your own condition," he said, after a minute, in a kinder tone—pitying, perhaps, my white, stunned face—"I will secure a sufficient portion out of the estate to make you independent—such a portion as your uncle would no doubt have left you—and settle it on yourself. That much, at least, I can do for you."

For me! As if I cared for myself—as if I had thought of myself in what I had done!

"Ross," I cried out, "do you know that you are killing me by such cruel words as these! What can I say to make you believe that I—I thought only of you? I don't pretend to excuse what I did. Perhaps it was very wicked; but I was never taught any better. I did not think there was any harm in being silent; but, if there had been harm, I should have done it for you."

"I do not doubt it," he said, bitterly, "since, in doing it for me, you did it for yourself. Nay"—almost fiercely—"do not try to make me believe any thing else! You have duped and fooled me long enough with your lovely face and your wistful eyes. My God, are women *always* false!" he cried out, passionately. "Is there not one of them true? Is there not one of them who will not make a plaything and a tool of a man's love? If one could have hoped for truth in any, would it not have been in you, Beryl? and yet how false and mercenary your own acts prove that you are!"

I gazed at him dry-eyed and mute. What could I say to such words as these? Looking into his white, passionate face, I felt that all was over with me—that no protestations could ever build up again his shattered trust. In his eyes, I had schemed not to enrich him, but to enrich myself; and had used his passionate love only as the means to such an end.

"I see you will not believe me," I said, piteously, after a while, "but I did not think of gaining the fortune for myself. I thought only of securing it to you—that you might not be forced to go back to China."

"You were very kind," he said, bitterly. "It is hard on you that I shall need to go back to China, after all."

He spoke with a sarcasm which I should have been quick enough to feel, only in the terror of his words it passed me by unheeded. All my lethargy fled then. I sprang to my feet, and, going up to him, caught his arm.

"Ross," I gasped, "how can you frighten me so horribly? How can you say such a terrible thing? You are not in earnest—you cannot mean that you are going back to China?"

"Do you care?" he asked, suddenly taking me into his arms. "O Beryl, if I could but believe that you did! O lovely face, why are you not true? O sweet lips, why must I fear that your very sweetness is tricking me?"

"Ross, Ross, stay!" I cried, clinging to him passionately. "O Ross, my darling, say what you please to me, believe what you please of me—only stay!"

"But I am a poor man, Beryl," he said, more gently than he had spoken yet. "How can I stay?"

Then the devil prompted me to cry: "But the fortune—O Ross, the fortune! If you keep that you need not go. And it was left to you—Uncle Kendall left it to you! He never meant for you to give it up!"

Fool and thrice fool that I was! Looking back now, I think that, in another moment, my tearful eyes, my clinging arms, would have prevailed over his resolution to go, and that he might have consented to stay if those words had not undone all. He drew back as if they had stung him; untwining my arms, and putting me from him with a faint, scornful laugh.

"See how easily I am duped!" he said. "See how wrong your uncle was in saying that my poor father was weaker than I! A few tears, a few glances, and I was ready to believe in you again, Beryl, till you show me that you are thinking of the fortune—not of

me! Till you prove that you are only intent on tempting me to dishonor, I see I must go," he said, after a minute. "I am not so strong as I thought—I cannot trust myself with you. At least, not until all is done that must be done."

Then, not willingly, but as one who yields to a temptation too great to be resisted, he took me in his arms and kissed me many times—ah, Ross, did you suspect, though I never, that it was for the last time?—then, putting me into the chair where he had found me, turned, before I could utter a word, and left the room.

Left the room, do I say? Rather, passed from my life—passed so utterly that, from that hour to the one in which I write, I have never looked upon his face again.

Later in the day, he left Kendall, to accompany the lawyer to Exford, where he found a telegram from his employers summoning him on urgent business. After signing the necessary papers for resigning the estate, he obeyed the summons at once. A week later, he sailed for China. Before me lies a letter which he wrote me on the eve of his departure. It is cold and full of business detail—though breaking toward the end into a tenderness beyond his power to restrain—but, if you glance at its worn and yellowed pages, you will see that they are stained with the signs of many tears, salt as the sea and bitter as grief. Such as it is, I do well to prize it, better yet to weep over it, for it is my sole token of the love of one who sailed away thinking that he left behind only a woman who had deceived him, and who never reached the distant Chinese port where her passionate letters—poor letters! I have them, too—waited for him through many a long day.

And so my story ends. At least in all save my moments of madness, I think that so it ends. But the fate of the ship in which Ross sailed was never known, and I—sometimes I am still weak enough to hope, to dream, I know not what, of wild, improbable things. Not long ago I read a poem which seemed the voice of my own heart. It is called "Returned—Missing," and is by Miss Procter, I think. One stanza I cannot forget:

"Not that I dream or fancy,
You know all that is past;
Earth has no hope to give me,
And yet—Time flies so fast
That all but the impossible
Might be brought back at last."

THE CAVES OF SANTA ANNA.

THE pages of history are stained with so many foul crimes that the inhabitant of another sphere might well be pardoned if he mistook history for a criminal calendar. But amid the general horrors, there is no chapter so unutterably mournful as the Spanish treatment of the aborigines of the fair islands that Cristoforo Colon gave to Castile and Aragon. And this is specially conspicuous with regard to Hayti, where, within an incredibly short time, the whole race perished—went from earth to stand as witnesses be-

fore the throne of the Almighty, and to tell what abhorred things were wrought in His name. Here at Santo Domingo, within a league from the walled city, is a memorial of those unutterably cruel days in the caves of Santa Anna. The readers of Washington Irving will not fail to remember the story of Miguel Diaz and the settlements of the Hayna and Ozama Rivers. Diaz, an Aragonian gentleman, who had accompanied the admiral on his second voyage, was one of the original settlers of Isabella. During the absence of the discoverer, the new town was ruled by his brothers, Don Diego and Don Bartolomeo, the *adelantado*. Diaz, a soldier, was under the orders of the latter, and, having wounded in a duel a brother soldier, was afraid of his stern justice, and fled into the wilderness of virgin forest and mountain land, which occupies the whole centre of the island. Six or seven comrades, who were endeared to the young Aragonian, accompanied his flight, which was brought to a termination at the Ozama River. Here in peace and happiness dwelt a tribe of natives under the mild ruling of a female cacique, who extended the widest hospitality to the wandering Spaniards. The intimacy which sprang up between them led to the fondest mutual affection between young Diaz and the native queen, who were espoused with such maimed rites as the practices of this people knew of. As month after month glided on in the delicious ecstasy of mutual love, surrounded by all those natural objects which melt the heart and soften the feelings, a little cloud rose at intervals upon the brow of the Spaniard, which, though quickly dispelled by the caresses of his bride, did not fail to return. Diaz, though still in love with his brown mate, pined for the career which he had lost, and, being a man of energy and capacity, grieved to think that his whole life was to pass away in a long, luxurious life-dream. Day by day the fruits grew less sweet, the beds less soft, the scenery less fair, and Diaz became more and more melancholy.

In affairs of the heart a woman's wit is strong; and the young queen guessed with unerring skill the causes of her husband's sadness. Her love grew alarmed. She feared that his affection for her would at length be unable to restrain him from returning to Isabella, and she cast about in her own mind for means to prevent a catastrophe so terrible to her heart. She had noticed, with the usual kindly contempt of her race, the Spanish desire for gold, and the idea flashed across her brain that here was the means by which Diaz could be detained, and his countrymen brought to the Ozama River. She revealed to her husband all the secret wealth of the region, including the famous mines of the Hayna. Diaz brightened at once, and, frankly telling her all that was in his heart, asked if she would receive his people as she had him and his followers. Most gladly did she consent, though perhaps some prophetic strain may have trembled upon the chords of her imagination, foreshadowing all the wrong, the oppression, and the misery, that were to come. Diaz, attended by a retinue of natives, made his way once more through forest and fell, and along the mountain-sides, under the

pleasant shadow of the tall pines; and at length, having crossed the valley of the Yaqui and pressed up the pass of the Cavaliers, found himself in the presence of, not the *adelantado*, but the admiral himself. The news he brought would have insured his pardon, had he slain fifty men, but, as it proved, the cavalier whom he had wounded was not dead, but alive and hale, and eager to grasp his hand in all friendship. There were many reasons which weighed with Columbus to abandon Isabella and to make his settlement in the new region. The former was unhealthy, and had been the scene of great troubles and much disorder, which had been repressed with difficulty. It was locked in by mountains. The harbor was not good. Above all, it was far from the gold-bearing mountains of Cibao, of which Columbus had given such accounts to Ferdinand and Isabella as made him passionately eager to snatch at the golden prospect held before him by Diaz. For the gold in the Cibao region came in but slowly, and the natives were becoming dissatisfied with the prolonged stay of the strangers from Turi, or the sky, and there were bodings of war everywhere along the northern line. So Diaz was pardoned and received into great favor, and made a high officer of the new capital that shortly after rose upon the Ozama River.

The native queen was baptized, and solemnly married to Diaz, with all the imposing ceremonies of the Christian Church. At first, she exercised her sceptre as before, but little by little her empire diminished, and at length totally ceased. She was a woman whom intense love had made acute above all precedent. She saw that she must either become totally a Spaniard or must perish, as her people must perish, and she chose the former. She became divided from her poor subjects, lived in a Spanish house within the walls of St. Domingo City, dressed as a Spanish lady, and became to all intents and purposes of her husband's nation. His people were her people, and his God her God. History records of her that she lived long and happily, and had two sons and one daughter, who all flourished exceedingly in the land. Perhaps in her comfortable home, surrounded by her family, with her brave husband opposite to her, his brow expanded with contentment, his eye beaming with unaltered affection, she may have thought occasionally of her poor subjects, who, divided out among the Spaniards, were compelled to labor throughout the day in the mines, anxiously washing out the sand that carried glittering fragments of the precious ore. But the Christians who had taught her Christianity, having never themselves comprehended the law of self-sacrifice which it ordains, were not likely to have imparted it to her. Far from hinting that she had sacrificed the happiness of her people to her own passion for a stranger, they seem to have paid her unusual honor as a shining convert. Perhaps the unfortunates, as they bent over their pans of precious earth, remembered the old days when she had been a virgin queen, and they had been happy, and sent some imploring embassy to her for relief from their sufferings. If she would, she could not have relieved them, but she had

bought her husband with a great price, and was not likely to imperil her purchase. At length the chains galled the once free limbs too bitterly, the whips stung the once proud loins too keenly, and the tribe of Ozama, or rather what was left of them, determined to work no more. They would flee—but whither? Into the mountains? No, for the Spaniards would track them with their bloodhounds, and would hunt them back to the mines. On a sudden they determined, in spite of the feeling of superstitious reverence with which they regarded the place, to hide themselves in the caves, which by some convulsion of Nature had been formed ages ago, and which were right in the heart of the forest, though in the immediate vicinity of the city. Here they starved for some few weeks, while the Spaniards hunted for them in the mountains; but, unfortunately, one of them, returning with food, was spied by an *hidalgo*, out hunting the wild guinea-fowl. He followed the unsuspecting native, and discovered the secret retreat. The white men next day came upon the unfortunates and drove them to the mines, where, in an incredibly short time, almost all perished. In memory of the tribe, perhaps with some dim idea of expiating the wrongs they had suffered, the Spaniards built a chantry, and dedicated it to Santa Anna. That has gone, with the wicked race that built it, and nothing remains save the well. Since those days the place has been one of the lions of Santo Domingo, and few strangers leave the city without seeing the caves of Santa Anna.

I visited the famous place without the usual annoyance of horse and guide. The horses of this country are very slow, and my experience of guides is, that they prevent you from seeing any thing. So I walked, having taken the precaution to bring along with me a good supply of matches and a wax-candle. The walk through the forest was very pleasant, though the foot-path was so narrow that my umbrella was continually arrested by vegetable fingers, that hooked on to it with obtrusive affection. There was nothing to indicate the nature of the wonder that lay beyond. All was pleasant and smiling in the cool of the early morning, before the hot rays of the sun had dried the abundant dew from the leaves and the cups of the flowers. The path wound by clearings, where the natives were at work on their *canocacs*, giving glimpses of happy agricultural life. Tamarind-trees, zapotas, and cajuelas, grew in profusion around the native huts, and by the side of a little stream were scores of guava-bushes. Dusky women, with babies seated astride on their hips, were bringing water in sections of broad bamboo, with the aperture closed by a piece of corn-cob. The men were burning the roots of trees which had been cut down, or mending the fences, made of the alce, or else of branches of the warty, prickly *eliba*. Hogs that seemed all head, rooted and grunted about, and I was crossed repeatedly by fat, comfortable-looking cows grazing peaceably on the leaves of a tree called, I believe, *ramon*. The soil of the pathway was of that rich, intense red earth, which tells of the presence of gold, and there were pebbles of quartz, with here and there a glittering scale

of mica. But everywhere masses of coral and a peculiar kind of white limestone cropped up, showing that the amount of soil was very slight. The path became at length very rocky indeed, and, stooping a trifle to examine more correctly, I observed that it was no longer limestone, but the fossil coral which abounds so along the southern coast of San Domingo.

The bushes grew closer and closer, seeming, indeed, as if disposed to dispute my passage to such an extent that I had to furl my Italian umbrella. My foot struck something which I knew was neither coral nor rock, and, looking down, I saw the remains of a brick-wall nearly level with the road-bed, which it crossed. On the right-hand side were the remains of some structure. I climbed up with some difficulty, and found it to be a well, which the Spaniards had cut with considerable labor out of the solid coral, and which had been connected with the walls of the building whose brick remains had been just pressed by my wandering foot. In immediate proximity were on both sides earth-openings, which gave a glimpse of coral caverns with very small apertures, from which descended stalactites of indescribable homeliness. They were exceedingly small and variously colored, some a dirty green, some a pale red, some a faint brown. I knelt down and examined the interior, which was only about four feet deep. I turned to the other side, where there were also caves, but no stalactites. Stooping down pretty low and making a way for myself through the creepers, that spread themselves like a curtain before the entrances, hanging on by their roots to the pendent roots of the *figuier maudit*, which resembles almost perfectly the *Ficus Indicus*, or banyan, I gained admittance into a grotto that was of very moderate height. It was completely of coral, with a species of natural arching in the overhanging masses that made the roof, and with natural columns for the support. The ground was of the deep-red earth, with coral crests showing through. It widened into other side grottos in every direction, but these could only be gained by crawling on hands and knees through low archways. I lighted my candle, and ventured, greatly to the discomfort of sundry respectable bats, who fluttered about and nearly extinguished the light, so that I had to fight them off with my umbrella. I must confess, the places I found around the main grotto were not very wondrous, being low and cramped and damp, for the water oozed through in various spots. I emerged into the sunlight, after tripping several times over the roots of the *figuier maudit*, which traversed the entire grotto. When I found myself blinking in the daylight, with my clothes stained with the red earth, I was very much dissatisfied, and thought the whole thing a swindle. Fifty people might, by an immense stretch of comfort, have harbored there on an emergency, but never a whole tribe. All at once it struck me that, as the path continued, perhaps there were more grottos, so I followed it unhesitatingly. There was another small one to the left hand, twenty yards ahead, and into this I scrambled, after a tremendous fight with the bushes, in which my umbrella suffered heavily. Result—more stooping, more bats, more discontent. I re-

sumed the path which wound picturesquely through pleasant bushes, and, as I turned an angle, found myself in presence of a huge grotto, whose pillars were high, and massed into colossal proportions. I entered it with a real feeling of awe. Here were prostrate heaps of coral upon the floors, and, above, a roof of a superior kind, with somewhat of a pinkish lustre. Neither was the nature of the coral similar. It looked like a petrified mass of worms coagulated in a lighter substance. There was an attempt at the stalactite formation visible in the capitals of the columns—if such they may be termed—which were larger than the columns themselves. Looking through the vista of these arches I saw the open air, the glorious sunlight, and the green trees. But the entrance was at my back. How, then, could I see the forest in front of me? I advanced a few steps, and the mystery was revealed. The grotto through which I had passed was but the antechamber. I now found myself in a perfectly circular open space, free from obstruction, in which trees and flowering shrubs and tall weeds grew luxuriantly. Around this arena were grottos of coral, of which some were larger, some smaller. The ground was of the deep-red, gold-holding earth. The level of the forest seemed fifty feet above us; for there were many aged trees around some of the grottos—banyans, whose pensive roots masked the entrances of grottos, and gave to them the "dim religious light" of a cathedral. Humming-birds sported about; lizards of a large species ran in and out of the floral chaos that grew about the ruins of old trees. Hundreds of a small yellow-and-black butterfly hovered about, and even perched upon my hat. There was in the gnarled trunk of a prostrate tree a beehive, around which the bees swarmed, and down whose bark there were traces of strong, intoxicating honey. A green humming-bird, with a throat of gorgeous ruby, a bright, contemplative eye, and a beak as long as himself, sat on a stalk of some wild-pea and stared at me. I whistled to him as well as I could, and he listened curiously. A large bird, bigger than a pigeon, but with the beak of a woodpecker, and feathers varying from brownish gray to pale pink, with a black tail, bright orange underneath, flew down upon a root of banyan near by and listened too, attempting to repeat my very poor attempts. He gave it up finally as not worth the trouble, but seemed excited when I lighted a cigar. The fragrance annoyed him, for he began to chatter like a magpie; but, as soon as I arose to examine a curious kind of fern near by, he immediately ran up the perfectly straight root and appeared to utter defying notes from the trunk of the banyan. These trees above the grotto-walls were very old, and perhaps had shed compassionate dew upon the wretchedness lying prostrate below. But in the arena itself there were no old trees, and hence I think it probable that there was a time when the Spaniards kept the ground in the centre clear. I wandered around in a dream. The place seemed fairy-land, and I was, perhaps, the fairy prince destined to do some deed of high romance, and rescue some princess from the slumbers of enchantment. A great red butterfly pertinaciously followed me, perhaps mis-

taking my straw hat for an enormous flower. Could this be the fairy princess, enthralled in the guise of a butterfly? The sky above was of a deep blue, and the golden clouds that floated across were chariots to bear me to my kingdom of El Dorado, where were the princely palaces and the destined home of the predestined bride. Wandering about with my cigar, I gave myself up to the delights of reverie, when suddenly the ground seemed to give way before me, and down I went into a pit about a foot deep, where some one had been washing for gold. Alas, poor Indians, who sheltered themselves in a grotto where the very floor contained gold, and yet hoped the Spaniards would not find them! The shock brought me to my senses, and, forgetting the golden-cloud chariots, the fairy princess, and my palatinate in El Dorado, I came back to the nineteenth century, and went to work in a business-like manner exploring the grottos one by one, lighting my candle, disgusting the bats, and being myself disgusted at the names, scrawled upon the coral, of visitors to that abode of mystic beauty, which they could not see. The fairy princess was there for the eyes that could see and the heart that could feel. In such grottos ever abides the nymph Egeria, ready to love all who can bring love to her. But that love must be the pure, refined, unearthly feeling, which men give to Nature and to Nature's beauties. Egeria, though unseen, hovers about the earth-lover, and glances at him through a myriad eyes, and speaks to him through a thousand tongues. It seems a bird that glances. Believe me, it is the nymph Egeria. It is a water-fall that murmurs. Ah, no! It is the divine, the beloved. Through the waving of the trees one hears the rustling of her silver wings. Amid the foam of the torrent one may discern the sparkling of her glorious eyes. The lianas wave at the passing of the breeze, and flutter amid their flowers. It is the unbound tresses of the dear unseen. Her voice has no sound, but it speaks directly to the heart, and when one leaves the cave one is filled with the divine *afflatus* that must never be questioned.

RODOLPHE E. GARCZYNSKI.

FOOD IN ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.

NOTWITHSTANDING the popular idea that in England in the olden time good cheer always abounded, plenty of every thing, and all manner of luxuries, the fact appears to be that the fare, even of the wealthy, for many reigns, was not only very circumscribed as to variety, but quite unlike in quality to what has been supposed.

Hallam says we have received that impression from romance, or have judged by the great entertainments, or have made the mistake of confounding the seventeenth century with the middle ages; "so that we are not at all aware of the usual simplicity with which the gentry lived under Edward I., or even Henry VI." He adds that "they drank but little wine, and had no foreign luxuries."

When we come to speak of those enter-

tainments we are on different ground. Those were the exceptions. Then we are admitted to a sight of such feasting as has probably not been surpassed in any country.

The household-book of the Earl of Northumberland has been often quoted as fairly representing the style of ordinary living of people of his class. The family, including servants, to be fed from year's end to year's end, numbered one hundred and sixty-six; and allowance was made for fifty-seven strangers daily, which included not only guests, but the wandering minstrels who came along, travellers who craved a meal, and the poor, who were in a certain sense dependent on the great houses, and who might always be seen waiting about the gates. For this number provision was made; and the calculations were in the most business-like manner possible: so much flesh; so much fish; at such and such seasons—the whole reduced to a system.

They ate fresh meat from midsummer to Michaelmas; the rest of the year it was salt; and "one hundred and sixty gallons of mustard" were allowed to be eaten with it. "Beef and mustard!" Shakespeare makes Grumio ask Katherine:

"What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?"
"You shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio."

There were varieties of meat, including game, and an immense quantity of salted fish. "My lord and lady" had for breakfast "a quart of beer; as much wine; two pieces of salt fish; six red herrings, four white ones, and a dish of sprats;" in flesh-days, boiled mutton or beef. "And," says Hume, "there cannot be any thing more erroneous than the magnificent idea of the *roast-beef of Old England*."

To prepare the food for all these persons, there were two cooks and no more—of course there were servers to serve the meals, and scullions to cleanse the utensils, and boys to tend the spits. Yet there was not in reality so very much for cooks to do. A portion of the bread even in those days came from the bakers; and the meat was either boiled in vast caldrons, or roasted on spits, or "carbonadoed," as some of the old dramatists have it, and broiled on a gridiron. There were no conveniences for doing much of any thing else. Up to the time of Queen Elizabeth, chimneys were the exception rather than the rule. The great castles and abbeys were provided with them more than two centuries before the beginning of her reign; the manor-houses were furnished with them in the reigns just preceding hers; while the houses of the yeomanry were a long way behind.

Fish was dried and salted, and was much used all over the kingdom, especially in the Catholic families. Even so late as the time of Elizabeth, an act was passed forbidding persons from eating meat on Wednesday and Saturday, except in case of sickness, and then a license must be obtained, one object of which was "the sparing and increase of the flesh victual of the realm."

They had eggs, some honey, butter, and cheese, but almost no vegetables for several reigns, except a coarse sort of beans and peas, the former being sometimes, in case of

scarcity, ground with grain for the bread of the poor; but it was so unpalatable that even beggars refused it when there was a possibility of getting any thing better. In the words of Piers Plowman, the rustic poet, when the new corn was ready for the market—

"Woulde no beggar eate bread that in it *beanes* were."

Pears were brought from Holland in Elizabeth's reign—"fit dainties for ladies, they come so far and cost so dear." There is still preserved in one of the old taverns in London a dish in which pork and peas were once served up to the queen. Some of the vegetables had been cultivated in the country at a very early period, particularly by the monks, who were the best gardeners; but, during the neglect of the soil through years of war, they became nearly or quite extinct, so that, says one historian, from the reign of Edward I. till about Henry VIII. "there was little or no use of them," and then they began to appear again, the seed being brought from foreign countries. Hunt says that "the little of such things as turnips, carrots," and the like, that were used, were imported from Holland or Flanders, and that when Queen Katharine (of Aragon) "wanted a sallad, she was obliged to despatch a messenger thither on purpose."

Herbs entered into their cookery, and were common articles of sale in London long enough before a potato was ever heard of. The present Grace-Church Street was anciently *Grass Street*, from an herb-market there, the name having been thus transformed; and one place was long known as *Garlic-hythe*, or *hiv*, from the sale of that odorous plant. Every thing of the cabbage kind went by the general name of "worts." Fennel, rue, marigold, "mints, savory, and marjoram," and many another that was bitter, pungent, or pleasant to the taste, went into the pottage of the poor, which had not always so much as a bone to give it a relish. And these herbs helped to flavor meats and fish. He eats "conger and fennel," says *Falstaff*.

Some of the smaller fruits were indigenous to the island, and crabbed-apples, which the peasants seem to have been in the habit of roasting and eating with milk. Thus, in the Cuckoo song:

"When roasted *crabs* hiss in the bowl."

And again, where the pranks of *Puck* are recounted by himself:

"And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted *crab*."

The choicer apples referred to by Shakespeare were undoubtedly those which had been introduced from other countries at a later day:

"There is a dish of *leather-coats* (russets) for you."

"Now you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbor, we will eat a *pippin* of my own grafting."

The *pome-water* was probably merely a rich, ripe, juicy apple.

The bread of those times is described as, first, "manchet, or wheaten bread;" and a *manchet* was a small loaf, made of the finest of the flour; and that it must have been considered choice, is evident by the way in which Shakespeare uses the word "boulting" in comparisons:

"Such, and so finely boulded didst thou seem;"
and, white as

"the fanned snow"

"That's boulded by the northern blast twice o'er;" the one referring to the perfect integrity and untarnished honor in a gentleman—the other, to the whiteness of a lady's hand. Such bread was for the rich only. Second, "ravell'd" bread, inferior to manchet; and, third, "brown," of two qualities, one of meal ground coarse—the other, of bran, dry and husky, and ready to drop to pieces; and this was called "servants' bread." "Sometimes they mixed rye with it to make it softer," and then it was known as *meslin*—a corruption of miscellany. The "meslin" is elsewhere spoken of, however, as made of rye and wheat, which had been mixed in the sowing; and it was also termed *mung-corn*, or monk's corn, because used in the monasteries. Much of the grain was ground at home, by women, in hand-mills, called *querns*. It was one of the charges against *Puck* that he meddled with the quern.

The drink was ale, or beer, for women as well as men, high as well as low, the whole kingdom over. Tea and coffee were not introduced till about 1660; and Queen Catherine, wife of Charles II., has been given the credit of having the former adopted as a beverage. Previous to her coming we must think of the maidens and matrons, who are so attractive in story and song, as drinking incredible quantities of beer at every meal—out of pewter mugs, if they had nothing better; out of silver and parcel-gilt, when they could afford it.

CARICATURE IN POLITICS.

THE recent excitement in England about the impersonation of cabinet ministers in a ridiculous light on the stage, naturally calls attention to the general subject of political caricature. We have had experience of its power and usefulness as a weapon in the success which attended the efforts of Thomas Nast and his associates against the Tammany Ring, but it has not been our fortune to test its influence on the stage. No manager has taken the liberty of representing General Grant or the members of his cabinet as the butt of ballet-girls in the thin disguise of fairies, nor have ministers been made to ridicule themselves and their policy in the antics of low comedy. The sensational drama has not borrowed the incidents of the *Crédit-Mobilier* scandal, and has spared the susceptibilities of public men, who have been so mercilessly satirized by pen and pencil in the broader arena of the press. Perhaps the very fact that we have no lord-chamberlain to restrain by a wave of his wand the sacrilegious attempts of theatrical people to ridicule our high officials, occasions the neglect of these excellent opportunities. Freedom from dramatic censorship may have been more effective to prevent such exhibitions than the rod of arbitrary repression. Curiosity to see what has always been tabooed, accounts for the popularity of these political travesties in England. The disinclination of theatrical managers to avail themselves of similar sub-

jects here, is due to the fact that, in consequence of the absence of arbitrary restriction, the good taste of the public answers the purpose which is elsewhere attained by dramatic censorship.

The satirical representation of individuals on the stage goes back to the early days of Greece, when the comic writers spared neither political nor social characteristics. The comedy of caricature was seen in all its unbounded license in the plays of Aristophanes, who ridiculed poets and politicians with equal virulence. It is said that, having attacked the demagogue Cleon in one of his plays, and being unable to find an actor bold enough to personate the part, the poet assumed it himself, and smeared his face with lees of wine, to make it resemble the flushed and bloated countenance of the leader of the plebs. It was not always safe, however, to indulge in satire of the fierce democracy of those days. A successor of Aristophanes in this rôle was condemned to death for having ventured, in parodying a line of Euripides, to represent the state as caring nothing for the laws. This was such a severe penalty to pay for a joke, that it is not surprising that the comedy of caricature was abolished in Athens, by rulers whose sensitiveness had such dangerous results.

The pencil did not become a potent political weapon till centuries after it had been used to satirize individual peculiarities and social follies. The reason of this is, that other methods were found more effective in reaching the masses, before improvements in the art of engraving enabled its productions to be extensively and rapidly circulated. To meet the shifting exigencies of political events was impossible with pictures, which were so slowly produced that they lost all their significance and application by the time they were ready for use. The difficulty of multiplying them necessarily restricted their influence within such narrow limits as to make them unavailable for a purpose requiring extensive as well as immediate influence. This effect upon the masses was obtained by the wandering minstrel, who went about singing his political songs, which reached thousands who could have been affected in no other way. Thus, although caricature in art was as primitive as the attempts of the savage to ridicule his enemy by rude delineations on the bare rock or other convenient material, caricature in politics is of comparatively recent date.

The earliest engraved political caricature of any note was produced in the year 1499. Like all attempts of the kind before the Reformation, it was designed, not in the interests of the people, but of monarchs. It is a curious fact, however, that the power of the pencil in political affairs has always been most effective when exercised in behalf of popular rights. In the caricature just referred to, which is of French origin, the success of Louis XII.'s intrigue for the crown of Naples is illustrated by a game of cards among the principal potentates of Europe. The engraving is executed in the rude style of the period, but the grouping and expression of the characters show considerable skill. There was not much use of political caricature in France till the days of the League, when,

as Mr. Wright points out, the taste for it may be said to have taken root there. This kind of satire, however, shared the fate of the freedom of the press under the despotic rulers, and was most effectively employed against monarchs who, like Louis Philippe, allowed a license which they afterward found themselves unable to control. Louis Napoleon's misadventures before he reached the throne were made the subject of these satirical portraits, but they only stimulated his determination to live them down, and his answer to the flinging gibes of the pencil was echoed by the murderous musketry of the *coup d'état*. Naturally enough, the propensity which the adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne showed to ape the costume and appearance of the Man of Austerlitz, afforded the material for the pictures, in which he was represented, with the boots of the first Napoleon and his own tame eagle, in every variety of ludicrous and satirical illustration.

When he reached the throne, Louis Napoleon kept the satirists under control, though he was not foolish enough to adopt such severe measures as under Louis XIV. drove so many Frenchmen to Holland, which then became the nursery of political caricature. The pencils of his opponents were more dreaded by the Grand Monarque than their swords, and the graver of Romain de Hooghe is said to have been one of the most effective weapons employed by William of Orange. Under the patronage of the prince, the Dutch artist, who had previously aroused the indignation of Europe by his series of plates representing the atrocities committed in Holland by the French troops, made Louis XIV. and James II. the target for his satirical shafts. Jesuitism and popery were ridiculed in these prints, that were issued in the interest of Protestantism, which in England and Holland was then a bulwark against arbitrary power.

The latter country continued for a long time to be the asylum of liberal principles, and furnished the assailants of tyranny with their most effective weapons. The older caricatures of England in the time of the Commonwealth were chiefly executed by Dutch artists, and most of the satirical prints occasioned by the "South-sea Bubble" came from Holland. The English illustrations of that excitement are inferior, both in design and execution, to the works of Continental artists. They are chiefly interesting as being the commencement of the school of English caricature, which reached its highest development in the reign of George III. It was not till Walpole came into power, that the pencil in England became a formidable weapon in the hands of native artists; and it is a curious illustration of the interest then taken by ladies in public affairs, that these caricatures were often executed upon fans and other articles of personal use.

All this time a censorship was exercised over representations of political subjects on the stage, which did not extend to the productions of the pencil. Though Queen Elizabeth is said to have detected, in the revival of an old play called "Richard II.," by the Essex party at the Blackfriars, the suggestion of her dissenting, she did not attempt to suppress it, but contented herself with exclaim-

ing to her Keeper of the Records, "I am Richard! know you not that?" The "Happy Land," it has been truly said, would have stood a better chance under Elizabeth than it has under the regulator of Victoria's court. The virgin queen was not offended at Shakespeare's presentation of her father on the stage with some satirical touches. William and Mary, however, would not permit the performance of plays that, even by implication, reflected on their rule, fearing, perhaps, that what satire had helped to create, it might also destroy. This severity was carried pretty far in the interdiction of Southern's "Spartan Dame," on the supposed ground that the wavering of Celonis between her duty to her father, Leonidas, and that she owed to her husband Cleombrotus, would excite unfriendly comparisons among the audience as well as unpleasant reflections at court.

In Walpole's time, the caricaturists employed their pencils with zeal against the Whigs, who, while in power, had turned against themselves the weapon which they were said to have invented. Most of these caricatures, however, were so involved and mystical, that the name "hieroglyphics," which was applied to them, aptly illustrates their characteristics, which are with difficulty understood or appreciated at the present day. The essence of effective pictorial satire—the compression of ideas in a form which requires no interpretation, but can be comprehended at a glance—did not exist in drawings, which needed long descriptions to make them intelligible. Walpole did not trouble himself much about these satires, and showed equal good sense and adroitness in the skill with which he blunted the point of dramatic innuendoes. Instead of tabooing the "Beggars' Opera," that contains some passages and situations in which audiences saw a striking application to his own discreditable political practices, he was present at its performance, and led the call for an *encore* when Lockit sang his song about courtiers and bribes. The house recognized Walpole and Townshend in the quarrel between Lockit and Peacham, which was supposed to be a burlesque on that of Brutus and Cassius. Yet the two ministers laughed at the scene as heartily as the audience who stared at them in their box, while the keen eye of Swift took in all the meaning of the exhibition, which he jotted down for the benefit of future generations.

What license was afforded to political caricature in the latter part of the reign of George II. is well known. Bute was driven from power by the pencils that were inferior in strength to those which in the succeeding reign were employed against Fox and Lord North. The invective of Pitt was of feeble influence compared with the satire of Gilray, and Fox declared that Sayer's cartoon, representing him as Carlo Khan riding into Leadenhall Street on the back of an elephant, did more to defeat the India Bill than all the debates in Parliament. There was not much wit in the representation of Bute by pictorial punsters wearing an enormous boot, or Fox, with the head and tail of that animal. These were mild pleasanties, however, compared with the delineation of Pitt as a boozey Bac-

chus, Dundas as Silenus, and Sheridan as drunk with brandy, though the coarseness of those days made such hits more applicable as well as less irritating than they would be in our time. Gilray's broad humor spared neither ministers nor monarchs, and the domestic economy of George III. afforded an excellent target for his satirical shaft. Rowlandson and the elder Cruikshank were the most eminent contemporary caricaturists of the school of which Gilray was the head, and George Cruikshank's first efforts were in the same direction, though he is now known as a social rather than as a political satirist.

Punch has owed more of his power in politics to the pencils of Doyle and Tenniel than to the pens of his most famous writers, and an attempt to restrict his burlesques of ministers by cartoon would not be endured by the presses that defend the exercise of similar authority by the lord-chamberlain. It is no new thing for that functionary to repress personations of public men. In 1834, Farren's appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, on a make-up confessedly designed to represent Prince Talleyrand, who was then the French ambassador at the British court, created great excitement in consequence of the actor's refusal to alter his dress at the dictation of the authorities. The affair promised to assume some political significance in the hands of Lord Palmerston and Grey, but the ministers sensibly declined to interfere, when it was learned that Talleyrand had seen and enjoyed the make-up, which was too much for the equanimity of the official censor of the stage. His authority was more successfully exerted at a later day in preventing Mr. Buckstone from producing a play at the Adelphi, in which, in a representation of the House of Commons, he had got himself up as Lord John Russell. Yet, more recently, an actor at the Alhambra was nightly permitted to carefully personate Mr. Gladstone in make-up, while ridiculing him in the verses which were sung in character. Indeed, the fact that the premier's sensitiveness is not of so ignoble a kind as to be deeply affected by this sort of caricature, gives some support to the statement of a correspondent of the *Nation*, that the Prince of Wales, and not the ministry, caused the lord-chamberlain's interference with the "Happy Family," on account of a reflection which it contained on the hospitality of the court to the Khédive of Egypt and other foreign visitors. But, however this may be, the chances are that the English stage will not be kept much longer in the fetters of an antiquated and arbitrary authority. Political caricature will probably never possess the influence which it had when books and readers were few, and when the minds of the people were more easily reached by satirical prints than in any other way. Yet the difficulty of taking more than a glance at the crowd of publications which are issued by a teeming press, creates a demand for an instrument which shall compress the salient features of political affairs into the smallest possible space, and vividly impress them on the eye. It is one of the compensations for the abuses of political caricature, that it is most effective when employed against corruption and injustice. The satirist with the pencil,

as with the pen, needs the spur of a righteous indignation to call forth his highest powers. Experience, under such circumstances, has proved, both at home and abroad, the efficiency of political caricature in the cause of reform.

SONNET.

THE cloudless moon, how beautiful and bland!

Touches with gentle grace the smiling ground;

All Nature sweetly slumbers; not a sound stirs the deep silence of this midnight land.

Musing, beneath my cottage-porch, I stand, And view the half-shut flowers with dew impearled,

And watch the beauty of our garden-world, Charmed to a fragrant quietude, expand.

Beyond the blush-rose borders, softly drawn Upward in tenuous curve, the night-mists rear Their pale pavilions o'er yon glittering lawn, Backed by grim woodlands, down whose hoary heart,

Behold! steel-bright, one giant moonbeam dart

Keen as the lustre of Ithuriel's spear!*

PAUL H. HAYNE.

ROMANCE OF OLD COURT-LIFE IN FRANCE.

BY FRANCES ELLIOT.

WITH ILLUSTRATION BY ALFRED FREDERICKS.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ORIEL WINDOW.

"You have come at last," said Louis, eagerly. "Why would you not look at me? I have suffered tortures; I abhor the queen's ladies, a set of painted Jezebels, especially the Duchesse de Chevreuse, a dangerous intriguer, her majesty's evil genius. I saw them all mocking me. Why did you not look at me? you knew I came for you," repeated he, querulously.

"Surely, sire, I could not be so presumptuous as to imagine that a visit to her majesty from her husband concerned me."

"Her husband! would I had never seen her, or her friend the duchess! They are both—well, I will not say what, certainly spies, spies of Spain. My principles forbid me to associate with such women. You look displeased mademoiselle—what have I done?"—for Mademoiselle de Hautefort showed by her expression the disapproval she felt at his

* The effect of forest-shadows—especially the shadows and gloom pervading a Southern pine-forest at night—is often to exaggerate, in the most grotesque way, the beams of moon or star, not only magnifying their size, but intensifying their brightness. The concluding lines of the sonnet above are, therefore, true to Nature.

abuse of the queen. "It is your purity, your sweetness, that alone make the court bearable. But you are not looking at me—cruel, selfish girl! would you, too, forsake me?"

The maid-of-honor, feeling that she must say something, and assume an interest she did not feel, looked up into the king's face and smiled. "I am here, sire, for your service. I am neither cruel nor selfish, but I am grieved at the terms in which you speak of my gracious mistress. Let me pray your majesty, most humbly, not to wound me by such language."

Her look, her manner, softened the irritable Louis. He took her hand stealthily and kissed it. He gazed at her pensively for some moments without speaking.

"How beautiful you are, and wise as you are beautiful!" exclaimed he at length. "I have much to say to you, but not about my Spanish wife. Let us not mention her." His eyes were still riveted on the maid-of-honor; his lips parted as if to speak, then he checked himself, but still retained her hand, which he pressed.

"You hunted yesterday, sire," said she, confused at the king's silence and steadfast gaze; "what number of stags did you kill? I was not present at the *curée*." She gently withdrew her hand from the king's grasp.

"I did not hunt yesterday; I was ill," replied Louis. "I am ill, very ill."

This allusion to his health instantly changed the current of his thoughts, for Louis was a complete valetudinarian. He became suddenly moody, and sank heavily into a seat placed behind the curtain, the thick folds of which concealed both him and the maid-of-honor.

"I am harassed, sick to death of every thing. I should die but for you. I can open my heart to you." And then, suddenly becoming conscious that Mademoiselle de Hautefort still stood before him, he drew a chair close to his side, on which he desired her to seat herself.

Mademoiselle de Hautefort, knowing well that the king would now go on talking to her for a long time, assumed an attitude of pleased attention. Louis looked pale and haggard. His sallown cheeks were shrunk, his large eyes hollow. As he spoke, a hectic flush went and came upon his face.

"Will you not let me take your hand, mademoiselle?" said he, timidly. "I feel I could talk much better if I did, and I have much to say to you."

She reluctantly placed her hand in his. The king sighed deeply.

"What is the matter, sire?"

"Ah, that is the question! I long to tell you. I sigh because I am weary of my life. My mother, who still calls herself regent, and pretends to govern the kingdom, quarrels perpetually with Riche-

lien. The council is distracted by her violence and ill-temper; affairs of state are neglected. She reproaches Richelieu publicly for his ingratitude, as she calls it, because he will not support her authority rather than the good of the kingdom. The Duc d'Epemon supports her. He is as imperious as she is. Her ambition embitters my life, as it embittered that of my great father."

"O sire, remember that the Queen-dowager of France is your mother. Besides, Richelieu owes every thing to her favor. Had it not been for her he would have remained an obscure bishop at Luçon all his life. She placed him at court."

"Yes, and he shall stay there. *Par Dieu!* he shall stay there. If any one goes it shall be my mother. I feel I myself have no capacity for governing; I shrink from the tremendous responsibility; but I am better able to undertake it than the queen-mother. Her love of power is so excessive she would sacrifice me and every one else to keep it—she and the Duc d'Epemon," he added, bitterly. "Richelieu is an able minister. He is ambitious, I know, but I am safe in his hands. He can carry out no measures of reform, he cannot maintain the dignity of the crown, if he is forever interfered with by a fractious woman—vain, capricious, incompetent."

"But, sire," said Mademoiselle de Hautefort, "why do you need either her majesty the queen-mother or the Cardinal de Richelieu? Depend on no one. Govern for yourself, sire?"

"Impossible, impossible. I am too weak. I have no capacity. I have none of my great father's genius." And the king raised his feathered hat reverently from his head each time he named his father. "Richelieu rules for me. He has intellect. He will maintain the honor of France. The nation is safe in his hands. As for me, I am tyrannized over by my mother, laughed at by my Spanish wife, and betrayed by my own brother. I am not fit to reign. Every one despises me—except you." And the king turned with an appealing look toward Mademoiselle de Hautefort. "You, I hope, at least, understand me. You do me justice."

There was a melting expression in the king's eyes which she had never seen before. It alarmed her. She felt that her only excuse for the treacherous part she was acting was in the perfect innocence of their relations. A visible tremor passed over her. She blushed violently, a look of pain came into her face, and her eyes fell before his gaze.

"You do not speak? Have I offended you?" cried Louis, much excited. "What have I said? O mademoiselle, do not lose your sympathy for me, else I shall die! I know I am unworthy of your notice; but—see how I trust you. The

hours I spend in your society give me the only happiness I enjoy. Pity, pity the King of France, who craves your help, who implores your sympathy!"

Mademoiselle de Hautefort, speaking in her usual quiet manner, entreated him to be calm.

"Am I forgiven?" said he, in a faltering voice, looking the picture of despair. "Will you still trust me?"

"Yes, yes, sire. I am ashamed to answer such a question. Your majesty has given me no offence."

Louis resented himself.

"It is to prepare you for an unexpected event that I wish to talk to you. It is possible I may shortly leave Compiègne suddenly and secretly. I must tear myself away from you for a while."

"Leave the court, sire! What do you mean?"

"The quarrels between my mother and Richelieu are more than I can endure. They must end. One must go—I will not say which. You can guess. I am assured by Richelieu, who has information from all parts of France, that her majesty is hated by the people. She is suspected of a knowledge of my great father's death; she has abused her position. No one feels any interest in her fate."

"But, surely, your majesty feels no pleasure in knowing that it is so, even if it be true, which I much doubt."

"Well, her majesty has deserved little favor of me," replied he, with indifference. "Richelieu tells me that her exile would be a popular act—"

"Her exile, sire! You surely do not contemplate the exile of your own mother?"

"Possibly not—possibly not; but a sovereign must be advised by his ministers. It is indispensable to the prosperity of the state."

Mademoiselle de Hautefort was silent, but something of the contempt she felt might have been seen in her expressive eyes.

"I do not feel disposed," continued he, "to face the anger of the queen-mother when she hears my determination. She would use violent language to me that might make me forget I am her son. Richelieu must break it to her. He can do it while I am away. Agitation injures my health, it deranges my digestion. I have enough to bear from my wife, from whom it is not so easy to escape—"

Again he stopped abruptly, as if he were about to say more than he intended.

Mademoiselle de Hautefort, ever on the lookout for all that concerned her mistress the queen, glanced at him with sudden curiosity. Her eyes read his thoughts.

"Your majesty is concealing something from me?" she said.

"Well, yes"—and he hesitated—"it is a subject too delicate to mention."

"Have you, then, withdrawn your confidence from me, sire?" asked she, affecting the deepest concern.

"No, no—never. I tell you every thing—yet, I blush to allude to such a subject."

"What subject, sire? Does it concern her majesty?"

"By Heaven, it does!" cried the king, with unwonted excitement, a look of rage on his face. "It is said—" and he stopped and looked round suspiciously, and became crimson. "Not here—not here," he muttered, rising. "I cannot speak of it here. It is too public. Come with me into this closet."

Mademoiselle de Hautefort, foreboding some misfortune to the queen, followed him, trembling in every limb, into a small retiring-closet opening from the gallery where they had been seated. He drew her close to the window, glanced cautiously around, and placed his hand on her arm.

"It is said"—he spoke in a low voice—"it is said—and appearances confirm it—that"—and he stooped and whispered some words into Mademoiselle de Hautefort's ear, who started back with horror. "If it be so," he added, coolly, "I shall crave a dispensation from the pope, and send the queen back to Madrid."

"For shame, sire! you are deceived," cried Mademoiselle de Hautefort, an expression of mingled disgust, anger, and terror, on her face. She could hardly bring herself to act out the part imposed upon her for the queen's sake. She longed to overwhelm the unmanly Louis with her indignation; but she controlled her feelings. "On my honor, sire," said she, firmly, "they do but converse as friends. For the truth of this I wager my life—my salvation."

"Nothing of the kind," insisted Louis, doggedly. "It is your exalted virtue that blinds you to their wickedness. My mother, who hates me—even my mother pities me; she believes in the queen's guilt."

"Sire," broke in the maid-of-honor, impetuously, her black eyes full of indignation, "I have already told you I will not hear my royal mistress slandered; this is a foul slander. To me she is as sacred as your majesty, who are an anointed king." Louis passed his hand over his brow and mused in silence. "I beseech you, sire, listen to me," continued she, seeing his irresolution. "I speak the truth; before God I speak the truth!" Louis looked fixedly at her. Her vehemence impressed if it did not convince him. "Your majesty needs not the council of the queen-mother in affairs of state; do not trust her, or any one else, in matters touching the honor of your consort." And she raised her eyes, and looked bold-

ly at him. "Promise me, sire, to dismiss this foul tale from your mind."

"All your words are precious, mademoiselle," replied Louis, evasively, and he caught her hand and kissed it with fervor.

Mademoiselle de Hautefort dared not press him further. She withdrew her hand. They were both silent, and stood opposite to each other. As Louis gazed into her eyes, still sparkling with indignation, his anger melted away.

"When I am gone, mademoiselle," said he, tenderly, "do not forget me.

fect faith in her integrity, she almost repented that her duty to the queen forced her to deceive him.

"Your majesty overwhelms me," said she, making a deep reverence.

"The court is full of intrigues," continued Louis. "I have no wish to control my minister; but remember this—obey no order, defy all commands, that are delivered to you without that token." The maid-of-honor bowed her head. The king's simplicity touched her in spite of herself. "Adieu, mademoiselle," said he,

Mademoiselle de Hautefort disappeared in an instant through a door concealed in the arras. The king, pale as death, put his hand to his heart, sank into a chair, and awaited the arrival of his mother.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN OMINOUS INTERVIEW.

Louis had not long to wait; scarcely a moment passed before Marie de Medici appeared. She entered hastily; marks



"Mademoiselle de Hautefort disappeared in an instant through a door concealed in the arras."

You are my only friend. I will watch over you, though absent. Here is a piece of gold, pure and unalloyed, as are my feelings toward you," and he disengaged from his neck a medallion, delicately chased. "See, I have broken it. One half I will keep; the other shall rest in your bosom;" and he pressed it to his lips, and placed it in Mademoiselle de Hautefort's hands. "As long as you hold that piece of gold without the other half, know that, as the token is divided between us, so is my heart—the better half with you."

Her conscience smote her as she received this pledge. Louis had such per-

"my best, my only friend. I humbly crave your pardon for aught I may have said or done to wound your delicacy. We will meet at Saint-Germain; then, perhaps, you will fear me less. We will meet at Saint-Germain."

He hesitated, and approached dangerously near to the handsome maid-of-honor, whose confusion made her all the more attractive. As he approached, she retreated.

Suddenly the curtain was drawn aside, and a page entered the closet, and announced—

"The queen-dowager, who demands instant admittance to her son, the king."

of violent agitation were on her countenance; her brows were knit; her eyes flashed. She was in the prime of middle life, but grown stout and unwieldy; her delicate complexion had become red and coarse, and her voice was loud and harsh; but her height, and the long habit of almost absolute command, gave her still an imposing presence. Louis involuntarily shuddered at her approach; he had been long accustomed to tremble at her frown. His first impulse was to fly through the same door through which Mademoiselle de Hautefort had vanished. He rose, however, bowed low before her, and offered her a seat.

"My son," she cried, in a husky voice, walking straight up to him, "I have come to request you instantly to banish Richelieu. If you do not, I shall return to Florence. The insolence of that villain whom I have made your minister is intolerable. He has disobeyed my express commands!"

"What has Richelieu done, madame?"

"Is it not enough that I, your mother, who have governed France almost from your birth, should declare to you my pleasure? Would you prefer a lackey to your own mother? * Let it suffice that Richelieu has offended me past forgiveness. Sit down, my son"—and she seized on the terrified Louis, and almost forced him into a chair beside the table—"here are my tablets; write instantly an order that, within twenty-four hours, Richelieu leaves France forever."

Louis took the tablets, but his trembling hands could not hold them. The jewelled leaves of ivory, set in gold, fell on the ground with a crash. There was a pause.

"What! Louis, do you hesitate to obey me?" and the queen's fierce eyes darted a look of fury at the king, whose slender figure positively seemed to shrink as she laid her hand upon him.

"My mother," he said, in a faltering voice, "you have told me nothing. A great minister like Richelieu cannot be dismissed on the instant."

"Yes, he can, if there be another to replace him, a better than he; one who knows the respect due to the Queen-dowager of France, the widow of Henry the Great, your mother, and still regent of the kingdom."

"But, madame, what has Richelieu done to offend you?" and the king had the courage to meet his mother's glance unmoved.

"He has dared to disobey my positive orders. I had appointed the Duc d'Epéron governor of Poitiers. He has placed there a creature of his own. After this insult, you will understand, I can never again sit at the council with Richelieu."

"Well, madame, and suppose you do not?" rejoined the king, whose nervous dread was rapidly giving place to resentment at his mother's arrogance. "I shall be still King of France, and Richelieu will be my minister."

"Undutiful boy!" exclaimed Marie de Medici, as she raised her hand as if to strike him; "you forget yourself."

"No, madame, it is you who forget that, if I am your son, I am also your king. You may strike me, if you please, madame," added he, in a lower voice, "but I will not sign the exile of Richelieu." The countenance of Louis darkened with growing passion; the threatening aspect of his mother standing be-

fore him with upraised arm, roused him to unwonted courage. "I will not exile Richelieu. I leave him to settle his differences with you and your favorites—their claims do not concern me. I will have no more *Cocchini*, madame; I would rather abdicate at once." And, turning on his heel, without another word, or even saluting the queen, he left the room.

A sudden dizziness, an overwhelming conviction of something new and strange in her position, sobered the passion of Marie de Medici the instant the king was gone. She stood motionless where he had left her, save that her uplifted arm dropped to her side. A mournful look—the shadow of coming misfortunes—clouded her face. Silent and dejected, she withdrew. When she had reached her own apartments, she commanded that no one should be admitted.

That same day the king left Compiègne, taking with him only two attendants. No one knew whither he was gone.

Early the next morning the queen-mother's ladies were startled by the appearance of Cardinal Richelieu in her anteroom. It was long since he, who was wont never to be absent from her service, had been seen there.

"Tell her majesty," he said to the Duchesse d'Epéron, "that I am come on urgent state business, by the express command of the king, and that I must speak with her in person."

After some delay he was admitted into the queen's apartments.

The cardinal is still a young man, upright in figure and easy in manner, attractions which he owes to his early military training. He has piercing black eyes, light-brown hair that lies straight upon his forehead, and a pale, thoughtful face, already lined with wrinkles. His closely-shutting mouth, thin-lipped and stern, expresses inflexible determination. Without vanity he knows that he has genius to conceive great deeds, and industry to elaborate every necessary detail. Already the consciousness of growing greatness forces itself upon him. The incompetence of the king, his indolent acquiescence in all his measures, the jealousy between Louis and his mother whom the king has hitherto not dared to check, his alienation from the young queen his wife, open before Richelieu's mental vision a vista of almost boundless power. Now he stands in the presence of his early benefactress, the sovereign to whom he would have been faithful, had such fidelity been consistent with the welfare of France and his own ambition. Spite of habitual self-control, he is greatly moved at her forlorn condition. He still hopes that he may save her from an overwhelming calamity.

Richelieu advances to where the queen-mother is seated beside the hearth,

and, after making a profound obeisance, waits for her to address him.

"You bear to me a message from my son. What can he have to say to me that he cannot speak himself?" Marie asks, with dignity.

"Nothing, my most gracious mistress," replies Richelieu, almost submissively, "if your majesty will deign to be guided by my counsel."

"You call me your mistress, cardinal," says Marie, bitterly; "but you have left my service, and you disobey my positive commands. How can I treat with such a hypocrite?"

"Madame, I beseech you, let not personal animosity toward myself—be I innocent or guilty of what you accuse me—blind you to the danger in which you now stand."

"Danger! What do you mean? To what danger do you allude?"

"The danger that threatens you, madame, in the displeasure of his majesty."

"Ah, I perceive. My son strikes through you, my creature, that he may crush me. I congratulate your eminence on your triumphant ingratitude."

"Madame," and the cardinal wrings his hands and advances a step or two nearer the queen with an air of earnest entreaty, "hear me, I implore you. Let us not lose precious time in mere words. I have come here in a twofold character, as your friend and as minister of state. Permit me first to address you as the former, madame, your counsellor and your sincere friend. Your majesty, in honor and greatness, stands next to the throne. Be satisfied, madame, with the second place in the kingdom. Your own age, madame"—Marie starts—"and the increased experience of his majesty, justify you in committing the reins of government into his hands and into the hands of such ministers as he may appoint."

"Yourself, for instance," breaks in Marie, bitterly.

"Madame, I implore you, by the respect and affection I bear you, not to interrupt me. Withdraw, graciously and cheerfully, from all interference with state affairs. Resign your place at the council. Dismiss those nobles who, by their rebellious conduct, excite his majesty's pleasure, specially the Duc d'Epéron."

"Never!" exclaims Marie, passionately. "I will not resign my place at the council, nor will I sacrifice my supporter, the Duc d'Epéron. My son is incapable of governing. He has ever been the tool of those about him. I am his best substitute. This is a miserable plot by which you basely seek to disgrace me by my own act—to rise by my fall."

"Oh, madame, to whom I owe so much," pleads Richelieu, "whom I would now serve while I can, hear me! I speak

* Words used by Marie de Medici to Louis XIII.

from my heart—I speak for the last time. Be warned, I beseech you.”

“You are an admirable actor, cardinal!” cries she. “But what if I refuse to listen to a traitor? Who named me? ‘Mother of the kingdom!’ Who vowed to me that ‘the purple with which I invested him would be a solemn pledge of his willingness to shed his blood in my service?’ I know you, Armand de Plessis.”

For some minutes neither utters a word. When he addresses the queen again, Richelieu speaks with calmness, but his looks express the profoundest pity.

“I am no traitor, madame, but the unwilling bearer of a decision that will infinitely pain you, if you drive me to announce it. But, if you will condescend to listen to my counsel, to conciliate your son the king, and disarm his wrath by immediate submission, then that terrible decision never need be revealed. That you should be wise in time, madame,” adds he, in a voice full of gentleness, contemplating her with the utmost compassion, “is my earnest prayer.”

Before he had done speaking the cardinal sinks on his knees at her feet, and draws forth from his breast a paper, to which are appended the royal seals. Marie, whose usual insolence and noisy wrath have given place to secret fear, still clings to the hope that she is too powerful to be dispensed with, and that, by a dauntless bearing, she will intimidate Richelieu, and, through him, the king, replies, coldly:

“I have given you my answer. Now you can withdraw.” Then, rising from her chair, she turns her back upon Richelieu—who still kneels before her—and moves forward to leave the room.

“Stay, madame!” cries Richelieu, rising, stung to the quick by her arrogant rejection of his sympathy, and ashamed of the unwonted emotion the forlorn position of his royal mistress had called forth—“stay and listen to this decree, in the name of his majesty.” And he unfolds the parchment. “Once more, madame, understand. Unless you will on the instant resign your seat in the Council of State, and dismiss the Duc d’Epernon from his attendance on your person, I am commanded by his majesty—”

“Dismiss d’Epernon!—my only trusty servant, d’Epernon, who has defended me from your treachery!” breaks in Marie, passionately, her voice rising higher at every word. “Never—never! Let me die first! How dare you, Cardinal Richelieu, come hither to affront the mother of your king? I will not dismiss the Duc d’Epernon. It is you who shall be dismissed”—and she glares upon him with

fury—“despised, dishonored, blasted, as you deserve.”

“If you refuse, madame—and let me implore you to reflect well before you do,” continues the cardinal, quite unmoved by her reproaches—“I have his majesty’s commands to banish you from court, and to imprison you during his pleasure within this palace.”*

No sooner has he uttered these words than the queen, who stands facing the cardinal, staggers backward. A deadly pallor overspreads her face. She totters, tries to grasp the arm of the chair from which she has risen, and before Richelieu, who watches her agony with eyes rather of sorrow than of anger, can catch her, she has fallen fainting on the floor.

At his cries the queen’s ladies appear. He leaves her to their care, and proceeds to the apartments of Anne of Austria, whom, through Madame de Chevreuse, he informs of what has occurred.

Anne of Austria, on hearing that the queen-mother was disgraced, saw in her unfortunate mother-in-law, who had never ceased to persecute her and to arouse the jealousy of the king, only an unhappy parent. She flew to her, threw herself into her arms, and readily promised to employ all the influence she possessed to mitigate the royal wrath.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LOVE AND TREASON.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA has left Compiègne and the royal prisoner, and is now at Saint-Germain. The château stands upon the crest of a hill, backed by a glorious forest that darkens the heights encircling Paris.

It is spring; the air is warm and genial, the sky mildly blue; light clouds temper the bright sunshine that plays upon the southern façade of the palace, and glistens among the elms which form magnificent avenues in the surrounding park.

The king has not yet returned, and the queen and her ladies, relieved of his dreary presence, revel in unusual freedom. Concerts, suppers, dances, repasts in the forest, and moonlight walks on the terrace, are their favorite diversions. Anne of Austria has not positively forgotten the lonely captive at Compiègne, but is too much engrossed with her own affairs to remember more than her promise to assist her. That atmosphere of flattery a woman loves so well and accepts as an offering exacted by her beauty, breathes around her. Monsieur Gaston, Duc d’Orléans, the king’s only brother, is always by her side. Monsieur is gay, polished, gallant; tall and slight like his

brother, and pale-faced, but not, as with Louis, with the pallor of disease. He has much of his mother’s versatile nature without her violent temper. Like her he is fickle, weak, and treacherous, incapable of any deep or stable feeling. Monsieur talks to the Queen of Madrid, and sympathizes with her attachment to her brother, to whom Anne writes almost daily long letters in cipher (always committed to the care of the Duchesse de Chevreuse), notwithstanding the war between France and Spain.

One moonlit night the queen and her ladies had lingered late on the stately terrace, built by Henry IV., which borders the forest and extends for two miles along the edge of the heights on which the château stands. The queen and her brother-in-law, Monsieur Duc d’Orléans, have seated themselves somewhat apart from the rest on the stone balustrade that fronts the steep descent into the plains round Paris. Vineyards line the hill-side, which falls rapidly toward the Seine flowing far beneath, its swelling banks rich with groves, orchards, villas, and gardens. Beyond, the plains lay calm and still, wrapped in dark shadows, save where the moonbeams fall in patches and glints of silvery light. Of the great city which spreads itself beyond, not a vestige is to be seen. All human lights are extinguished, but the moon rides high in the heavens in fields of azure brightness, and the stars shine over the topmost heights, where, on the very verge of the horizon, and facing the terrace, the towers of the Cathedral of Saint-Denis break the dusky sky-line.

“What a lovely night!” she says, at last, as she casts her eyes out over the broad expanse of earth and sky. “Oh, that the world could be ever as calm and peaceful!”

A sad look comes into her eyes—she heaves a deep sigh, throws back her head, and gazes upward. The softened rays of the moon shine upon her face, light up the masses of her golden hair, and play among the folds of a long white robe which encircles her to the feet. She sits framed, as it were, in a circle of supernatural lustre. Monsieur is beside her, rapt in admiration. The beautiful vision before him intoxicates his senses. The landmarks of social restriction, of tyrannous etiquette, have vanished, gone, with the sun and the daylight. He forgets that she is a great queen, the wife of his brother, his sovereign; he forgets all save that she is there before him, a dazzling presence, sprung, as it seems, out of the darkness of the night. He gazes at her with rapture. Words which had often before trembled on his lips must now be uttered. He is about to speak, when the queen, unconscious of what is passing within him, awakes from her reverie and points to the forest.

* Richelieu used these precise words in speaking of Marie de Medici.

* Marie de Medici died in poverty at Cologne, aged sixty-nine.

"See, Gaston, how the moon plays upon those branches. I could almost believe that some fantastic shapes are gliding among the trees. Let us go back; the forest is horribly dark, it frightens me." And she shudders.

"I can see nothing but you, my sister," answers monsieur, softly. "You are the very goddess of the night." And his eyes rest on her with an impassioned gaze.

Anne of Austria still looks fixedly into the thicket, as if fascinated by the mystery of the great woods. Again she shudders, and wraps the light mantle she wore closer around her.

"It is late, my brother," she says, rising. "If I stay longer I shall have evil dreams. Let us go."

"Oh, my sister! Oh, Anne!" cries the duke, "let us stay here forever!" And he caught one of the folds of her white robe, kissed it, and gently endeavored to draw her, again, toward the balustrade.

"By no means," replies the queen, startled, for the first time meeting his eyes. "Ah, my brother," adds she, becoming suddenly much confused, "are you sure you do not frighten me more than the strange shapes among the trees?"

"Trust me!" cries monsieur, ardently, retaining her robe almost by force. "Tell me you will trust me—now, always. Ah, my sister, my heart bleeds for you. Never, never will you find one so devoted to you as I—"

There was a certain eloquence in his words, a truth in his protestings, that seemed to touch her. Anne flushes from head to foot.

"Monsieur—Gaston—let me go." And she disengages herself with difficulty. Monsieur now rose. "Where is the Duchesse de Chevreuse?" asks Anne, not knowing what to say.

"No fear for her: she is well attended," replies monsieur, in a voice full of vexation. "Every one is in good luck but me. I never saw a man so madly in love as poor Chalais, and the duchess returns it."

The queen is now walking onward, at as rapid a pace as the uncertain light permitted, along the terrace. Monsieur follows her.

"Yes—in love"—and Anne laughs her silvery laugh; "but that is not the way I would give my heart if I gave it at all, which I don't think I am tempted to do." And she looked back archly at monsieur, whose countenance fell. "Chalais is one among so many," continues the queen, trying to resume her usual manner. "The duchess is very benevolent."

"Alas! my poor Henry!" answers monsieur, "with him it is an overwhelming passion. Louvigni and the others admire and court the duchess; but they are not like Chalais—he worships her. The

duchess is a coquette, who uses him for her own purposes. She is now inciting him to head a dangerous conspiracy against the cardinal. Chalais has opened the matter to me; but they go far—dangerously far. I cannot pledge myself to them as yet."

"O Gaston!" exclaims the queen, stopping, and laying her hand eagerly on his arm; "if you love me, as you say you do, join in any conspiracy against the cardinal."

The queen speaks with vehemence. A sudden fire shot into her eyes, as she turns toward monsieur. Her delicate hand still rests for an instant upon him, and is then withdrawn.

"Fair sister," replies the duke, "you cannot pretend to misunderstand me. For your service I would risk any thing—how much more a tussle with an arrogant minister, who has outraged me—as much as he has you! Perhaps, Anne, I would risk too much for your sake. Deign to command me, sister—queen," he adds, "only to command me, and I will obey."

Anne is now walking onward. For a few moments she does not reply.

"If you would serve me—let Richelieu be banished," says she, at last, imperiously. "I care not whither. Nothing is too bad for him. He has dared to insult me. You, Gaston, are safe, even if you fail. My brother will receive you at Madrid; I will take care of that."

"I am overcome by your gracious consideration for my welfare," cries monsieur, catching at her words. "But, my sister," continues he, gravely, "do you know what this plot means? Assassination is spoken of. At this very moment I wager my life the duchess is employing all her seductions to draw Chalais into a promise of stabbing the cardinal."

"Stabbing the cardinal? Impossible! Chalais would not commit a crime. You make me tremble. The duchess told me nothing of this. She must have lost her head."

"I know that Chalais is fiercely jealous. He is jealous of every one who approaches the duchess, and we all know that the cardinal is not insensible to her charms—"

"Odious hypocrite!" breaks in the queen.

"As long as Richelieu lives," continues monsieur, "my mother will not be set at liberty. He dreads her influence. He knows she has a powerful party."

"It is infamous!" exclaims Anne of Austria.

"The cardinal persuades the king that he alone can govern France, and that our mother desires to depose him and appoint a regency, which I am to share with her; that you, my sister, conspire against him with Spain. My brother, weak, irresolute, insensible to you, believes all that is told him. I, my mother's only friend,

dare not assist her. You, his wife, the loveliest princess in Europe, he repulses. You might as well be married to an anchorite. Thank God, his majesty's health is feeble, his life very uncertain. If he dies I shall be King of France, and then—" He pauses, as if hesitating to finish the sentence. "Ah! my sister!" he exclaims, stopping and trying to detain her. "Had I been blessed with such a consort, I would have passed my life at her feet. Would that even now I might do so!"

The queen had stopped. She stands listening to him with her face turned toward the ground.

Some sudden resolve seemed to form itself in her mind. She rouses herself, and motions to monsieur with her hand to go onward. "Alas! my brother," she says, with a deep sigh, "do not press me, I beseech you. You know not what you say. Such words are treason." And she hurries onward into the gloom. "Head the conspiracy against the cardinal," she continues, moving quickly forward, as if afraid to hear more; "restrain the violence of Chalais, who loves you well, and will obey you. I will temper the indiscretion of the duchess. She is an excellent lieutenant, inspired in her readiness of resource and ingenuity in intrigue; but—she is a bad general. We must be careful, Gaston, or we shall all find ourselves prisoners in the Bastille."

"No, by Saint Paul! not so, my sister," and monsieur laughs gayly, for his facile nature dwelt upon nothing long, and his thoughts had now been diverted into other channels. "No; but we will have Richelieu there! Bassompierre and d'Ornano are with us; they swear that they will shut him up in an iron cage—as Louis XI. did Cardinal Baluc—for life, and feed him on bread and water. *Corps de Dieu!* I should like to see it."

"But I will have no blood shed," rejoins the queen; "remember that."

"My sister, your word is law. When I have learned more from Chalais, I will inform you of every detail."

They had now reached the château. The windows shone with light. Torches fixed in the ground burned round the great quadrangle, and a guard of musketeers, assembled near the entrance, presented arms as the queen passed.

A page appeared, and handed a dispatch to Mademoiselle de Mérigny, who had now joined the queen. She presented it to her majesty. Anne broke the seals. As she read she colored, then laughed. "Gaston," whispered she, turning to monsieur, "this is the most extraordinary coincidence. We have been talking of the cardinal, and here is a letter from him in which he craves a private audience. You shall learn by-and-by what it means."

"*Par Dieu!*" exclaimed monsieur, full of wonder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DAY AT POINT DE GALLE.

THE island of Ceylon, from whatever direction the traveller may choose to approach it, unfolds a scene of loveliness and grandeur unsurpassed, if it be rivalled, by any land in the universe. One soon forgets the loathsome delta of the Ganges and the torrid coast of Coromandel; the sands of Egypt or the parched headlands of Arabia, when before the sight the island, which the Bramins termed "resplendent," rises from the sea, its lofty mountains covered by luxuriant forests, and its shores bright with the foliage of perpetual spring.

The praises of Ceylon have formed the theme of many an ancient verse, and those of the Hesperides were not more gloriously sung. Ages ago, Ceylon was extolled as the region of mystery and sublimity; it was gracefully apostrophized, by the poets of Buddha, as "a pearl upon the brow of India;" in China it was known as the "Island of Jewels;" in Greece, as the "land of the hyacinth and ruby;" the Mohammedans assigned it as a new asylum to the exiled parents of mankind, to console them for the loss of paradise; and the early navigators of Europe propagated the fable that far to seaward the very breeze that blew from it was redolent of perfume, the latter recalling to mind the statement of the poet Milton:

"Far off at sea northeast winds blow
Sabeen odors from the spicy shores
Of Araby the Blest."

But it is not the intention of the writer to fall into rhapsodies over the beauty and attractions of the island; on the contrary, the attention of the reader is called to a few remarks bearing upon the extreme southern portion of Ceylon, and, more particularly, to that venerable emporium of foreign trade, the Point de Galle.

Foregoing all details of voyage, approach, and arrival, it need only be said, briefly, that no traveller fresh from Europe will ever part with the impression left by his first gaze upon tropical scenery as it is developed in the bay, and the wooded hills that encircle it. The feeling of admiration and wonder called forth by its loveliness remains vivid and unimpaired. The sapphire sea breaks upon the fortified rocks which form the entrance; the headlands, extending on either side, are clothed in the luxuriant splendor of green and gold; the strand, besprinkled with yellow sand, is shaded by palm-trees, tall and inclined toward the water; farther back, the shore is edged with blossoms; then, forests of eternal foliage; purple hills; and, above all, towers the sacred mount of Adam's Peak, with its summit enveloped in clouds.

At the earliest dawn of commerce Point de Galle was the resort of merchant-ships. It was the central emporium of a commerce which in turn enriched every country of Western Asia; elevated the merchants of Tyre to the rank of princes; fostered the renown of the Ptolemies; rendered the wealth and the precious products of Arabia a gorgeous mystery; freighted the Tigris with "barbaric pearl and gold;" and identified the merchants of Bagdad and the mariners

of Bassora with associations of adventure and romance. Yet, strange to say, the native Singhalese appear to have taken no part whatsoever in this exciting and enriching commerce; their name is never mentioned in connection with the immigrant races attracted by it to their shores.

While considering its ancient commerce, it is well to bear in mind that Galle has been by more than one geographer identified as the long-sought locality of Tarshish. Borchart was the first to deny the theory of Phœnician locality. He wrote that Tarshish was near the Cape Comorin, "forte ad promontorium Cory." He also conjectured that Koudramalie, on the northwest of Ceylon, was the ancient Ophir. He lacked, however, topographical knowledge. Gold is not to be found at Koudramalie; and Cory, neither an island nor a place of trade, does not correspond to the requirements of Tarshish.

Beyond all doubt, the island of Malacca was the golden land, the Ophir of King Solomon. "Ophir," in the language of the Malays, is the generic term for any "gold-mine;" and furthermore, Malacca is the Aurea Chersonesus in the works of all of the later Greek geographers.

The famous biblical Tarshish, which lay in the track between the Arabian Gulf and Ophir, is recognizable in the great emporium of Southern Ceylon.

This conclusion is adduced by geographical position, by indigenous productions, and by the fact of its having been from time immemorial the resort of merchant-ships from Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, on the one side, and India, Java, and China, on the other. Perhaps the articles brought by the navies of Hiram and Solomon to Ezion-geber were carried across the isthmus of Suez to Rhinocœlura, the modern El-Arish, and thence transferred into Mediterranean vessels, to be carried to Joppa and Tyre.

On entering the harbor of Galle, every object that meets the eye is both new and strange. At the very first, it is apparent that this is the centre to which will hereafter converge all the rays of navigation intersecting the Indian Ocean, and connecting the races of Europe and Asia. Witness the myriads of merchant-ships that are lying at anchor—the *dhow*s of the Arabs, the *petamars* of Malabar, the *prahus* of the Malays, the *dhoneys* of Coromandel, and the "mammoth storehouses afloat" of the Europeans. But the most curious of all are the double-canoes of the Singhalese, which dart with surprising velocity among the shipping, managed by half-clad natives, who offer for sale beautiful but unfamiliar fruits, and fishes of extraordinary colors and fantastic forms.

The construction of this double canoe is peculiar. A tree-trunk from eighteen to thirty feet long is hollowed out about two feet in depth, exclusive of the wash-board, which adds about a foot to the height. The latter is attached to the gunwale by coir yarn. No metal enters into the construction of the canoe. The most striking peculiarity is the balance-log, of very buoyant wood, twenty feet long, carried at the extremity of two elastic outriggers, each eighteen feet long. By this arrangement not only is the boat steadied, but mast, yard, and

sail, are bound securely together. It is remarkable that this form of canoe is found only where the Malays have extended themselves throughout Polynesia and the coral-islands of the Pacific. The outrigger is unknown among the Arabs, and is little seen on the coast of India.

The outrigger must of necessity be always kept to windward; and, as it would not be possible to remove it from side to side, the canoe is so constructed as to proceed with either end foremost, thus elucidating an observation of Pliny, eighteen hundred years ago, that the ships which navigated the seas to the west of Taprobane *had prows at either end*, to avoid the necessity of tacking. These craft venture twenty miles to sea in a strong wind, and sail upward of ten miles an hour.

The Portuguese, who early obtained possession of Galle, seem never to have anticipated the approach of an enemy from sea. Hence the batteries which now command the harbor appear more frail than threatening, and hardly merit the name of fortifications. Passing these, and landing upon the pier, the stranger is told to pass under the arched gate-way of the fortress, and ascend by a steep and shady street to the Queen's House—the residence of the English Governor. The mansion was built by the Dutch in 1687—at least, the stone let into the wall above the entrance bears this date—and is marked by spacious rooms, unglazed windows, tiled floors, and lofty ceilings, which are generally left unclosed, lest the white ants should destroy the timber undetected. *A propos* of the aforementioned stone, a curious fact is recorded, which plainly shows that the Dutch believed that the name of Galle was derived, not from the Singhalese *galla*, "a rock," but from the Latin *gallus*. This idea they inherited, doubtless, from the Portuguese, one of whose generals is described as hoisting the children of the *Chalia* or *Galla* caste on the spears of his soldiers and shouting, "How these young cocks (*gallos*) crow!"

The neglected garden around the Queen's house reminds one of the groves of the Alhambra. Both were once the prides of generations; both are almost forgotten in the present. The beautiful terraces of the former are decaying. The luxuriant growth of fruits—oranges, custard-apples, bread-fruits, blimbings, and bananas—has almost returned to its primitive wildness; and a hundred species of flowers blossom half concealed in the denser shade of the sedges.

Thence, we walk along the streets, or lounge for a few moments in the bazaars. Here, as in every land, an opportunity is afforded to study the picturesque combinations of costumes and races. Witness the European in his white morning undress, shaded by a japanned umbrella; the melancholy Arab in his white robe, bound round with a broad leather girdle, linen drawers, and red cap; the Malay in his long, flowing robe and high-pointed turban; the Chinese, pompously attired, and remarkable for his pigtail of infinite length; the Kaffre, clothed in pliant oxide, and adorned with a sumptuous display of feathers, lion's hair, and other fantastical ornaments; the Parsee, in semi-Turkish dress, also distinguished for a lavish display of jew-

els and gold ornaments; and many other people besides.

But it is to the Singhalese that the eye is attracted—a race of humanity that has preserved its ancient customs and costumes unchanged for upward of twenty centuries. Only two writers of antiquity speak of this people—Ptolemy and Agathemerus. The latter describes with minuteness the fashions of the Singhalese, and says that “the men allow their hair an unlimited growth, and bind it on the crown of their heads after the manner of women.” This custom is preserved to this day. The back hair is rolled into a coil—somewhat after the old New-England fashion, before the sorry days of *chignons* and shams—called a *kondé*; this is fixed at the top of the head by a large tortoise-shell comb, the hair is drawn back from the forehead à l’*impératrice*, and secured by another circular comb. The long continuance of this fashion alone furnishes one of the most remarkable evidences with which we are acquainted, of the enduring tenacity of Oriental habit.

The men are noted for their delicacy of features and slender forms; they are strangely effeminate in their appearance, and to distinguish a male and female by facial expression is an undertaking about as difficult as the solution of a problem in Euclid. The men are generally devoid of beards; wear around the waists a cloth called a *comboy*, and are profuse in their display of ear-rings and ornaments.

The women dress similarly to the men, wear the *comboy* and also a white-muslin jacket, which loosely covers the figure. They, like all women, are fond of jewelry, no matter what may be the intrinsic value.

The children are often very beautiful. Up to five years of age they go about wholly nude, and a group of the little creatures at play suggests the idea of living bronzes.

While you are studying this picture of life with mingled admiration and surprise, you are suddenly touched upon the shoulder by an Arab, who beckons you to enter his bazaar.

Once entered, he will exhibit to you his gorgeous display of jewels. Be it remembered that the Moors are famous lapidaries. Here are rubies from Badakshan, both crystalline and amorphous; sapphires of exquisite color and size; rare topazes; cinnamon-stones (a variety of garnet) from Matura; cat’s-eyes, a greenish-translucent quartz, the pride of the Singhalese; amethysts, too common to be of much value; moon-stones, a variety of pearly adularia; also tortoise-shell ornaments, including bracelets, hair-pins, and ear-rings.

Having examined the display, you make choice of a certain article. Take care, lest you be deceived by its worth, for a Jew is not the only one in the world that can be “stiff” at a bargain. After the usual fashion, you, the buyer, name the value of the article, and wait for the owner to take or refuse it. In nine times out of ten the latter will be the result; although, in the end, if you are a persistent Yankee, the seller will be content to take one-half the sum first named! It has always been the custom among Orientals for the buyer to be the appraiser.

The local prosperity of Galle is mainly dependent on the merchant-vessels and steam-

packets which make it their rendezvous, and on the travellers from all parts of the East who are carried there in consequence. The chief trade of Galle consists in the productions of the cocoa-nut trees, which appear as one continuous forest of palms in the southern province.

From the nut is made the oil, which is expressed by the natives, by means of a singularly-constructed mill, which consists of the trunk of a tree hollowed into a mortar, in which a heavy, upright pestle is worked round by a pair of bullocks yoked to a transverse beam. From the fibre is manufactured the coir and cordage, so extensively employed for various purposes; and from the sap of the tree is distilled arrack, which is shipped in large quantities to Europe and India.

It is a curious illustration of the innumerable uses of the cocoa-nut tree, that some years ago a ship was entirely built, rigged, provisioned, and laden, with the produce of that tree.

When the Dutch came to Galle, they indulged their native fondness for canals and shaded streets. In whatever part of the city the stranger walks, there is always presented the fresh and enlivening aspect of a garden. The shade-trees are mostly the *Suriya*—*Eh-bicus populneus*—whose broad, umbrageous leaves and delicate, yellow flowers impart a delicious coolness.

With all its beauty, notwithstanding, one soon tires of living in Galle. To be sure, there is enough excitement going on; but even this is singularly monotonous and jargonish. The numerous hotels are always full, and the bazaars are crowded with all nationalities of purchasers. But, oh! the high prices. Residents are always complaining of the cost of living; and even the simplest articles of European commodity are beyond all reach of “poor parishioners.”

Galle contains no remarkable buildings, save the old church built by the Netherland company. True, the houses are ample and spacious, but they are seldom higher than a single story, and are quite devoid of ornamentation or architectural beauty.

One of the pleasant features of a day spent in the place, is a drive around the suburbs as the cool of the evening approaches. From Galle to Matura extends one continuous avenue of cocoa-palms. As we pass onward through native villages, the refreshing shade of the trees, the verdure of the grass, the bright tint of the flowers that twine over every tree, the rich, copper hue of the soil, and the occasional glimpse of the sea through the openings in the dense wood, all combine to form a landscape which in novelty and beauty is unsurpassed. The native haunts are not wholly unattractive; the decaying villas of the old Dutch burghers, distinguished by quaint door-ways and fantastic entrances to the gardens, possess a share of beauty. Advancing southward, we are soon plunged into one of the most interesting and remarkable portions of Ceylon. We arrive at Hambantolle, where lived the followers of Wijayo; numerous ruins bespeak the once-famous temples, the asylums for the studious and the learned, and, to the present day, some of the priests of Matura and Mulgirigalle are ac-

complished scholars in Sanscrit and Pali, and possess rich collections of Buddhist manuscripts and books.

The scenery of the coast as far as Don-dora is singularly lovely, the currents having scooped the line of the shore into coves and bays of exquisite beauty, separated by precipitous headlands covered with forests and crowned by groves of cocoa-nut palms.

Close by Belligam the road passes a rock, a niche in which contains the statue of the “Kustia Raja,” an Indian prince, in whose honor it was erected, because, according to the legend, he was the first to teach the Singhalese the culture of the cocoa-nut.

As we proceed, we are reminded of the lateness of the hour by the misty hue of the atmosphere around us. It is growing dark, and the fire-flies and glow-worms are kindling their emerald lamps. The mosquitoes, too, are beginning to be troublesome. The booming hum of their approach, their cunning, their audacity, and the perseverance with which they renew the attack when repulsed, are all sufficient to inspire us with the firm belief that it was not the ordinary fly, but the mosquito, which constituted the plague inflicted upon Pharaoh and the Egyptians.

To Galle we return. In the north we catch a magnificent glimpse of Adam’s Peak and the hills which surround it, whither, at some future day, our Singhalese guide has proposed for us a pleasant excursion. So much is there to be seen and admired in this wonderful region, and so limited is the leisure time of a commercial traveller, that we already begin to despair.

However, duty is imperative, and hunger must be appeased. So onward we ride, and soon we shall arrive at the Queen’s House. It will be a late dinner, and, perhaps, a cold one. No matter! for the bill-of-fare says it is to be a genuine Singhalese dinner—scir-fish and poultry, brinjals boiled and stuffed, with savory meats, followed by a dessert of rambutans, custard-apples, and country almonds.

GEORGE L. AUSTIN.

MISCELLANY.

Selections from New Books and Foreign Journals.

SHERIDAN IN THE ASCENDANT.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

THAT a comedy ninety-seven years old, and which is more or less old-fashioned in style, sentiment, and treatment, should have become a stock-piece at no less than three London houses, and have far exceeded its two-hundredth representation at one of those houses, is a fact of extraordinary significance. It is, perhaps, the most important dramatic event since the days of Macready; and it at least proves that the responsibility of the decay of the stage does not rest with the public. Such hearty relish of a good old play shows that a new one as good would meet as cordial a reception. The great public, indeed, often vilified, but in the main always true and honest, is the best and most sagacious of critics. Though, like *Charles Surface*, Sheridan’s hero, it may be led astray for a while, and “sell its ancestors” for such rapid pleasures as burlesques and sensation

plays; still, when the proper time comes, it shows judgment and affection, and refuses to "part with its uncle's portrait" on any terms.

There is something almost mysterious in this popularity of an old play, which every one almost knows by heart, or has read, or at least is familiar with, as it were, indirectly, by hearing it described and quoted from. On the other hand, a modern piece seems to fade and fade with repetition, and, on revival, becomes as intolerable as a suit of clothes that is ten years old. It is, indeed, more with the characters of the "School for Scandal," than with the play, that we are familiar; for every one knows *Sir Peter* and his lady, the two *Surfaces*, *Sir Benjamin*, and *Mrs. Candour*; while people who have never read or seen the piece would recognize these popular personages the first time they saw them on the boards. It would be expected that this ever-increasing familiarity might produce satiety. But this can be explained by what takes place in real life. The art of great play-writing lies in selection and abstraction—that is, in choosing and bringing together with probability characters and situations such as private individuals could rarely hope to encounter in real life. Every one in his course encounters bits of character and stray situations that are dramatic; and these furnish a strange interest. Some such interest is at the bottom of the contentment men of genius find in society. The great dramatist repairs this ill-fortune of the public, and supplies them with an artificial representation of what they could not see in real life. Again, a character that exhibits itself under various influences—that can be jealous, forgiving, passionate, and humorous, provided it be natural and spontaneous, would be in real life a source of never-flagging interest and entertainment; and it is for some such reason that the "School for Scandal," though familiar, will ever be fresh and new. The little progressive stages in particular scenes—the *crescendos*, as it were—are so piquant and tantalizing that, though the whole result is known beforehand, and what is coming can be anticipated, we are led on and on by the mere spectacle of mental details working themselves out. Thus, it is not too much to say that the matchless screen-scene may be witnessed again and again, and again, with a perpetual sense of novelty—the situation takes hold of us so artfully, and is worked up with so many surprises, which are all at the same time perfectly in Nature. There is really the same marvellous novelty that is found in the greater plays of Shakespeare. This is the more singular, as it is known that the last acts were dashed off, under pressure, as it were, and perilously near the very hour of performance. Turning back to the newspaper criticisms which appeared the day after the first performance, it is plain that the extraordinary effect of the screen-scene quite carried away the spectators, and that, in its overwhelming brilliancy, all faults were overlooked. Yet it is admitted that there are many excorescences—many portions which seem to move very slowly. Compared with the brisker and more vivacious portions, such as the whole screen-scene, the picture auction, the quarrel between *Sir Peter* and his lady; and the application for assistance made to Joseph by his uncle, the two important scenes where the "scandalous college" exhibits are rather artificial, and too detailed, and the author has been unable to restrain the flow of elaborate conceits which his wit suggested; while the love episode of *Maria* and *Charles* is as solemn as that of *Falkland* and *Julia*, in the "Rivals." Indeed, the bits of scandalous wit in which the characters indulge, if tested by the canons of social probability, have an unreal air, which is unfortunately heightened by the realism of modern acting, which aims at giving as much force and emphasis as possible to every sentence

that contains "a point." It would be impossible to imagine a scandalous old gossip over a cup of tea at five o'clock criticising the features of a friend by likening them to a repaired antique bust, where the head belongs to one age, etc., and where the only portions "likely to join issue" are the nose and chin. Such an elaborate conceit as this worked out minutely would only excite a stare of surprise; and it would be assumed that it had been got by heart out of a book. The only terms on which such an elaborate metaphor could be received would be that it came spontaneously, and was delivered with extraordinary lightness and gaiety. This "gaiety" was the charm of the old actors; and soon we may hope that our modern players will recover it. Such speeches should be delivered with an airy and flowing manner, as though the several stages were only then suggesting themselves. There should be an easy carelessness, an unstudied tone, a delicious sense of enjoyment.

Connected with this piece are all sorts of traditions and stories. One of the most grotesque is the idea of the stiff, solemn Kemble undertaking the airy *Charles Surface*, a sacrifice which the public called "Charles's martyrdom." And yet Lamb relished the performance; but, on the ground that "the points" of the dialogue were brought out by his declamatory manner "with the utmost precision." This, on the face of it, must have been one of Elia's fantastic idiosyncrasies. Palmer had so thoroughly identified himself with the part of *Joseph*, that he imported his earnest hypocrisy into real life; and, when commencing an elaborate justification of himself to Sheridan, after a quarrel, was stopped by the author with, "My dear Jack, you forget that I wrote the part."

It is well known that the first cast of the great comedy was nearly perfect, and that every succeeding one has been inferior and yet inferior. Nearly all the actors were of the Drury-Lane "old guard," and had been led to victory for many years under Garrick's captainship; most of them, too, were remarkable personages. King, the *Sir Peter*, had been the original *Lord Ogleby*, a character which took the town by storm. As a man of *ton*, he had opportunities of mingling with men of fashion, and these opportunities he turned to profit; "as an actor, he represented the characters with a reference to human nature, with which he was well acquainted, and he never copied his predecessors, as many actors, both tragic and comic, have often done." Mrs. Abington, the first *Lady Teale*, was a woman of wit and vivacity—the friend of people of rank as well as of the sage Johnson, the admired of Reynolds, who has left some noble pictures of her, accomplished in foreign languages. Such a privileged being would bring other gifts to the character besides mere histrionic ones. Palmer—"Jack Palmer"—was the perfection of gentility, as we shall see later, the airiest in manner, whose theatrical reputation was founded on this Congreve-like gaiety, which people went to the theatre to be entertained with; while his private character was said to correspond a good deal to that of the part allotted to him—*Joseph Surface*. Smith, "the genteel, the airy, and the smart," was reared at Eaton, the friend of Sir George Beaumont and men of rank, his old school-fellows; fond of Newmarket and racing, and accustomed to boast that he had never degraded himself by going down a trap or blacking his face. Surely here was the very man for *Charles Surface*. It is enough to mention Miss Pope, who played *Mrs. Candour*, to call up Churchill's tripping lines; and, indeed, the merits of the gifted creature have drawn forth such graphic and vivid portraits from poets, critics, and painters, that even we of this generation have an excellent idea of her. Dodd and Parsons, the

Crabtree and *Backbite*, played these comparatively minor characters to perfection. Now, even from this meagre description, the reader will gather that there was more than a mere group of actors cast for a new comedy. Such a bringing together of natural gifts and character would by itself tell on any performance that was attempted. No wonder, therefore, that Elia should declare that "it is impossible that it should be now acted, though it continues at long intervals to be announced in the bills. . . . *Sir Peter Teale*," he says, "must be no longer the comic idea of a fretful old bachelor-bridegroom, whose teasings (while King acted it) were evidently as much played off at you, as they were meant to concern anybody on the stage. He must be a real person, capable in law of sustaining an injury, a person toward whom duties are to be acknowledged—the genuine *crim. con.* antagonist of the villainous seducer, *Joseph*. To realize him more, his sufferings under his unfortunate match must have the downright pungency of life, must (or should) make you, not mirthful, but uncomfortable, just as the same predicament would move you in a neighbor or an old friend; the delicious scenes which give the play its name and zest must affect you in the same serious manner as if you heard the reputation of a dear female friend attacked in your real presence. *Crabtree* and *Sir Benjamin*, those poor snakes that live but in the sunshine of your mirth, must be ripened by this hot-bed process of realization into asps or amphisbænas, and *Mrs. Candour*—oh! frightful!—become a hooded serpent. Oh! who that remembers Parsons and Dodd, the wasp and butterfly of the 'School for Scandal,' in those two characters, and charming, natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy, in this latter part, would forego the true scenic delight, the escape from life, the oblivion of consequences, the holiday barring-out of the pedant Reflection, those saturnalia of two or three brief hours well won from the world, to sit instead at one of our modern plays, to have his coward conscience (that, forsooth, must not be left for a moment) stimulated with perpetual appeals—dulled, rather, and blunted, as a faculty without repose must be—and his moral vanity pampered with images of national justice, national beneficence, lives saved without the spectators' risk, and fortunes given away that cost the author nothing?"

This downright realism Lamb would have found in the current performances of the play, as presented in our time. The piece becomes a melodrama, lightened with comic scenes. *Joseph Surface* expostulates with *Lady Teale* as to the plethoric character of her reputation; and the necessity of some trifling "trip" is urged with all the gravity of logical argument, to be gravely contested in return by the lady. Whereas, in truth, it was meant for a sort of crafty badinage—an insinuation, which, if taken seriously and with indignation, might be disclaimed as a jest; but, if accepted at all, might be used as a basis for something more direct. *Mr. Surface* was, in truth, a gay and seductive man, with powers of attraction, elegant in his manners, and winning in his ways, and, to average observers, genuine in his sentiments. This view excludes all "canting," rolling or upturning of eyes; while "sentiments," such as "the man who," etc., should be delivered modestly and unaffectedly, with a certain earnestness.

It is easy, however, to laud the old ideals; and it is certainly unreasonable to require such matchless excellence in our own day. The air has lately been filled with jeremiads over the "decay of the stage," which were justifiable enough; but it would be unjust to deny that, within the last three or four years, there has been an incredible advance both in the public taste and the style of acting. And

it may be added that these complaints, which were sometimes found wearisome, and perhaps ungracious, may have helped in the reform.—*London Society*.

LETTER TO A STUDENT WHO LAMENTED HIS DEFECTIVE MEMORY.

So far from writing, as you seem to expect me to do, a letter of condolence on the subject of what you are pleased to call your "miserable memory," I feel disposed rather to indite a letter of congratulation. It is possible that you may be blessed with a selecting memory, which is not only useful for what it retains, but for what it rejects. In the immense mass of facts which come before you in literature and in life, it is well that you should suffer from as little bewilderment as possible. The nature of your memory saves you from this by unconsciously selecting what has interested you, and letting the rest go by. What interests you is what concerns you.

In saying this, I speak simply from the intellectual point of view, and suppose you to be an intellectual man by the natural organization of your brain, to begin with. In saying that what interests you is what concerns you, I mean intellectually, not materially. It may concern you, in the pecuniary sense, to take an interest in the law; yet your mind, left to itself, would take little or no interest in law, but an absorbing interest in botany. The passionate studies of the young Goethe, in many different directions, always in obedience to the predominant interests of the moment, are the best example of the way in which a great intellect, with remarkable powers of acquisition and liberty to grow in free luxuriance, sends its roots into various soils, and draws from them the constituents of its sap. As a student of law, as a university student even, he was not of the type which parents and professors consider satisfactory. He neglected jurisprudence, he neglected even his college studies, but took an interest in so many other pursuits that his mind became rich indeed. Yet the wealth which his mind acquired seems to have been due to that liberty of ranging by which it was permitted to him to seek his own everywhere, according to the maxim of French law, *chacun prend son bien où il le trouve*. Had he been a poor student, bound down to the exclusively legal studies, which did not greatly interest him, it is likely that no one would ever have suspected his immense faculty of assimilation. In this way men, who are set by others to load their memories with what is not their proper intellectual food, never get the credit of having any memory at all, and end by themselves believing that they have none. These bad memories are often the best, they are often the selecting memories. They seldom win distinction in examinations, but in literature and art. They are quite, incomparably superior to the miscellaneous memories, that receive only as boxes and drawers receive what is put into them. A good literary or artistic memory is not like a post-office that takes in every thing, but like a very well-edited periodical, which prints nothing that does not harmonize with its intellectual life. A well-known author gave me this piece of advice: "Take as many notes as you like, but when you write do not look at them—what you remember is what you must write, and you ought to give things exactly the degree of relative importance that they have in your memory. If you forget much it is well, it will only save beforehand the labor of erasure." This advice would not be suitable to every author: an author who dealt much in minute facts ought to be allowed to refer to his memoranda; but, from the artistic point of view in literature, the advice was wise indeed. In painting, our preferences select

while we are in the presence of Nature, and our memory selects when we are away from Nature. The most beautiful compositions are produced by the selecting office of the memory, which retains some features, and even greatly exaggerates them, while it diminishes others and often altogether omits them. An artist who blamed himself for these exaggerations and omissions would blame himself for being an artist.

Let me add a protest against the common methods of curing what are called treacherous memories. They are generally founded upon the association of ideas, which is so far rational, but then the sort of association which they have recourse to is unnatural, and produces precisely the sort of disorder which would be produced in dress if a man were insane enough to tie, let us say, a frying-pan to one of his coat-tails and a child's kite to the other. The true discipline of the mind is to be effected only by associating those things together which have a real relation of some kind, and the profounder the relation the more it is based upon the natural constitution of things, and the less it concerns trifling external details, the better will be the order of the intellect. The mnemotechnic art wholly disregards this, and is therefore unsuited for intellectual persons, though it may be of some practical use in ordinary life. A little book on memory, of which many editions have been sold, suggests to men who forget their umbrellas that they ought always to associate the image of an umbrella with that of an open door, so that they could never leave any house without thinking of one. But would it not be preferable to lose two or three guineas annually rather than see a spectral umbrella in every door-way? The same writer suggests an idea which appears even more objectionable. Because we are apt to lose time, we ought, he says, to imagine a skeleton clock-face on the visage of every man we talk with; that is to say, we ought systematically to set about producing in our brains an absurd association of ideas, which is quite closely allied to one of the most common forms of insanity. It is better to forget umbrellas and lose hours than fill our minds with associations of a kind which every disciplined intellect does all it can to get rid of. The rational art of memory is that used in natural science. We remember anatomy and botany because, although the facts they teach are infinitely numerous, they are arranged according to the constructive order of Nature. Unless there were a clear relation between the anatomy of one animal and that of others, the memory would refuse to burden itself with the details of their structure. So in the study of languages, we learn several languages by perceiving their true structural relations, and remembering these. Association of this kind, and the maintenance of order in the mind, are the only arts of memory compatible with the right government of the intellect. Incongruous, and even superficial associations ought to be systematically discouraged, and we ought to value the negative or rejecting power of the memory. The finest intellects are as remarkable for the ease with which they resist and throw off what does not concern them as for the permanence with which their own truths engrave themselves. They are like clear glass, which fluorine acid etches indelibly, but which comes out of vitriol intact.—"*The Intellectual Life*," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

CHINAMEN AS SOLDIERS.

The frequent references which have been made of late to the Chinese as a possible power in Central Asia, render the consideration of the fighting qualities of that people a subject of much interest. Chinamen are generally credited with a large share of the Oriental failing of cowardice. But this, like

many popular ideas, is dissipated by observation and inquiry. It is true that, in the civil wars, which from time to time disturb the peace of the empire, the combatants on both sides often show a decided unwillingness to fight. Nor is it possible to deny that on more than one occasion the imperial "braves" have run away rather than face the Armstrongs and rifles of European armies. But a moment's reflection is sufficient to prove that this apparent pusillanimity need not necessarily be put down to personal cowardice. Every one who knows the way in which civil wars are conducted in China, is aware that it is often to the advantage of the imperial commanders to avoid general actions, lest they should put an end to a state of anarchy from which they and their troops reap rich harvests, while the insurgents, on the other hand, are generally glad to gain time. This is the explanation of such ridiculous battles as we have lately heard of in Kweichow, where, after wasting great quantities of powder at long distances, the troops on either side have been hastily withdrawn after losing two or three men apiece. Of course, as the men feel that their commanders are not in earnest, they go into battle as much prepared to retreat as to fight. Such a training would demoralize the best drilled and equipped soldiery in the world, and to neither of these qualifications can Chinese troops lay claim. Their arms—except in the case of the regiments which have lately been armed with European weapons—are of the most inefficient kind, and the troops themselves, without discipline and destitute of all barrack-yard training, have no more cohesion than a common mob. A well-directed volley from a hundred Minie rifles, or a few Armstrong shells bursting in the midst of a squadron of horse or a battalion of infantry, is enough to disperse their component parts.

But circumstances alter cases; and there are qualities in the Chinese character which would justify the belief, even if experience had not proved its truth, that they might furnish good and efficient soldiers. In the first place, they attach a very small value to life, they are capable of sustaining a great deal of fatigue, they are temperate in their mode of living, and exist on daily rations which would not satisfy English soldiers for a single meal. The fact that Chinamen are to be found who are willing, for a consideration, to take the place of condemned criminals on the execution-ground, proves with what slight terrors they look upon death. In a letter, descriptive of the bombardment of Canton, a *Times* correspondent expresses his wonder at the indifference to danger shown by the citizens. "These strange Chinese," he says, "actually seem to be getting used to it" (the bombardment). "Sampans, and even cargo-boats, are moving down the river like London lightermen in the ordinary exercise of their calling, people are coming down to the bank, and watch the shot and shell fly over their heads." And in a foot-note he relates, among others, the following incident: "In a room opening upon the river a family were taking their evening meal within two hundred yards of the Phlegethon, which was keeping up a constant discharge of shells, all of which passed a few feet over their heads. The light was so strong that the interior of the room was visible in all its details, the inmates were all eating their rice as though nothing particular was happening outside."

When either fighting behind walls, or when properly organized and led, this fearlessness makes the Chinaman a formidable antagonist. The correspondent quoted above, when speaking of the coolie corps employed at the taking of Canton, says, "Oh, those patient, lusty, enduring coolies! It was a valuable legacy which Colonel Wetherall left us—that coolie corps. They carried the am-

munition on the day of the assault close up to the rear of our columns; and, when a cannon-shot took off the head of one of them, the others only cried 'Ey yaw!' and laughed, and worked away as merrily as ever." At the capture of the Taku Forts in 1860, the behavior of the coolie corps attached to the allied forces excited the admiration of both armies. They carried the scaling-ladders for the French up to the walls of the forts with the most perfect coolness and alacrity, and performed the scarcely less dangerous duty of removing our wounded from under fire and bringing up ammunition to the front with great steadiness. And on this, as well as on other occasions, they showed none of the uneasiness under fire so often observed among European troops, but received and executed the orders given them by their officers with as much presence of mind and precision as though the shot and shells flying about them were so many drops of rain.—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

A SOUTHERN POET.*

We are introduced to the author of these poems by a very agreeable memorialist, who formerly edited many of his earlier contributions to periodical literature in Charleston, and who has since watched with shrewd and friendly interest the growth of his reputation in his native State, and among the party whose hopes and disasters he gallantly shared in the American Civil War. Timrod seems to have had excellent endowments for a writer of occasional poems, ready sympathies, a graceful fluency, and the moderation of a frank and healthy mind. His short records of love and courtship are sweet and lively, though not romantic, and his tributes of friendly admiration, like the "Two Portraits" (of a maid, or wife that was to be), pure and gentlemanlike. His notices of familiar scenes are rich in spontaneous associations, and his apologies for achievements missed or feelings left unsung have a winning modesty and *sweetness*. But his powers failed him in a work which should have had a more substantial and individual character; and his "Vision of Poetry" is an incomplete and shadowy production, in which the best doctrines exhibited are negative, and such as we may call prudential. He rose and fell by the impulses of circumstance, and it was a gust of popular enthusiasm which at length shows what passion and what eloquence his nature was capable of blazing into. It was thus that his occasional poems became such as may be cherished like historic monuments; not that he has carefully scrutinized the rights and wrongs of the Southern cause, but that he gives voice to the finest feelings with which any man could have been taught to connect it—boundless confidence in his country, pity (without respect) for the race in the background, martial gallantry, and self-sacrificing resolution. Under this view we share Mr. Hayne's admiration of "that resonant lyric, a 'Call to Arms;' " we almost agree that "Carolina" is a "Tyrtæan strain," and we appreciate "the dignity and calmness of the tone" of "Ethnogenesis," though not without surprise at some of the hopes enunciated in it. The "Carmen Triumphale" is perhaps more characteristic in the chivalric and regretful gravity with which it celebrates an hour of victory:

"Be nothing lightly done or said
This happy day! Our joy should flow
Accordant with the lofty we
That walks above the noble dead.

• Let him whose brow and breast were calm,
While yet the battle lay with God,
Look down upon the crimson sod,
And gravely wear his mournful palm;

* "The Poems of Henry Timrod." Edited, with a sketch of the poet's life, by Paul H. Hayne. (New York: Hale & Son. London: Tribner & Co. 1873.)

And him, whose heart still weak from fear
Beats all too gayly for the time,
Know that intemperate glee is crime
While one dead hero claims a tear."

The above is an unadorned passage, but the poem concludes, according to the author's wont, with stately imagery:

"Meantime the stream they strove to chain
Now drinks a thousand springs, and sweeps
With broadening breast and mightier deeps,
And rushes onward to the main;

While down the swelling current glides
Our Ship of State before the blast,
With streamers poured from every mast,
Her thunders roaring from her sides.

Lord! bid the frenzied tempest cease.
Hang out thy rainbow on the sea!
Laugh round her waves! In silver glee,
And speed her to the port of peace."

Other passages of these odes will be readily remembered by audacious but significant hyperboles, as for instance—

"Come, with the weapons at your call—
With musket, pike, or knife;
He wields the deadliest blade of all
Who lightest holds his life.

The arm that drives its unbought blows
With all a patriot's scorn,
Might brain a tyrant with a rose,
Or stab him with a thorn."

The varied interest of these poems would require many quotations to do it justice. The volume is indeed a small one, but we have no doubt the contents have been selected with severe deliberation. The author's style is at all times so free from affectation, pedantry, and all mannerisms suited to the predilections of cliques, schools, and castes, as to offer a refreshing contrast to much poetry to which we have lately been accustomed. Its most obvious defects seem to come from the rapidity with which one thought leads another in, at the risk of mixed metaphors or conjunctions of incongruous terms, as when we read of leaving "barn and byre, kin and cot," or elsewhere of "cleaving the sea with winds of steam." We fear to criticise some passages in which an abrupt illusion may have been justified by conventional associations; but we should like to know whether the names of Hun and Goth were familiar equivalents for Yankee or the like among the forces of the Secessionists. To a European ear the terms will seem too abusive; but who might not be tempted to use them if he saw his neighbor's lands systematically laid desolate? —*Pull Mall Gazette*.

VIENNA.

There is no more agreeable and amusing place in the world to live in than the capital of Austria, though perhaps to enjoy its full savor one should be an Austrian, have Austrian connections, or belong to some one of the great families of Europe, who are recognized in all countries as preserving an undefined right of entry into every court and drawing-room. In spite of constitutional experiments, the Viennese nobility are still very exclusive, even more so than the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris; and the court does not acknowledge the quality of merchant, collect he millions never so wisely. Democracy has, however, so far innovated that Vienna has now a very extensive and luxurious society of commercial people, who give dinners—which is not the custom with the aristocracy, the hospitality of such nobles as the Schwarzenbergs and the Lichtensteins assuming the shape of *fêtes*—and travellers are readily admitted into this society if they will only act as roving Englishmen do, and as roving Frenchmen and Italians do not—that is, keep out of political scrapes with the police, who are still more watchful than the altered state of the country might lead one to suppose.

Even the stranger, though, who has neither business nor social position to secure him admittance anywhere, need never be at a loss for entertainment in the Kaiserstadt. To begin with, there are the theatres, which are cheaper, and, in some respects, better than most of those in Paris. They are the great resorts of all classes, from the Croatian bagman to the emperor, who may be seen in his white uniform four or five evenings a week laughing boisterously at those broad farces, which are nowhere better put on the stage, or at the operettas of Offenbach, which are generally brought out at Vienna within a month of their production in Paris. A good feature in connection with the theatres is, that they are always over early enough—generally about half-past ten—to admit of supping, which is a national custom allowing of no eradication, and which floods the streets of Vienna with light, animation, and festivity, up to the hour when all the thoroughfares of London look like frozen water-tanks. Another good point consists in the Viennese summer theatres, which are not booth-like contrivances with shouting rogues in spangles outside; but merry, well-lit, and delightful gardens, where one can spend one's evenings in the dog-days lounging in an easy cane-chair, and inhaling comedy or drama between the puffs of a Smyrna cigar and draughts of iced and yellow lager-beer. Ladies abound in these gardens, and uncommonly pretty they most of them are. They have none of the milch-cow stolidity of Prussian dames, and their maidens do not affect the dreamy sentimentality which reads so well in Feuerbach's novels, and is such an insufferable bore in real life. They like jewelry, dress in smart bright colors, greet one always with a smile, which displays the pearly teeth for which they are so famous, and are not perpetually on the *qui vive* about propriety, though certainly none the less virtuous for all that. Austrians have often been compared to Englishmen, and they resemble the better class of our countrymen in the neatness of their dress, their love of field sports, and their general bearing and complexions. But in their social characteristics they incline toward the French, living much out-of-doors, and being ever willing to come out to the *café* with you. Call upon an Austrian at what time you please, and, let him be busy as he may, he somehow always finds leisure to stroll out with a chance friend to eat a piece of goose-liver cake, drink a *schoppe* of ale, and smoke a cigar. The word "intrusion" has no place in his vocabulary. If he be a merchant, he will cheerfully leave Providence to sit at the receipt of customs for him in his absence; or if he be one of those learned doctors of law who waddle about the pavements in such numbers, he will look as though he desired nothing better than to be called away for a few hours daily from the study of the classics he professes to love.

SUB ROSA.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

The flower you placed within my button-hole
Has faded; but there lives within my soul
Another rose, unfolding hour by hour—
Your beauty's self in its immortal flower,
That makes me rich with an unthommed
wealth,

And happy in the heaven of its health.
So living-warm this dainty flower glows,
As if a sunbeam blushed into a rose;
With fragrance like a waft from heaven afar,
And look as lustrous as the morning-star.
I do not come to crown your beauty, Sweet!
Nor thank you for it, kneeling at your feet;
But pray that on Love's bosom it may rest,
As thornless as its likeness in my breast;
And ask Him who such promise here hath
given

To let me see the Flower fulfilled in heaven.

Cassell's Magazine.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MANY of us are a kind of intellectual wall-fruit, sunned and ripened only on one side.

That conditions and circumstances of life should in many cases produce this result is not surprising, but that people should by apparently deliberate choice select a one-sided and imperfect method of intellectual growth is certainly a curious perversity of human nature.

Of course, those who make this choice do so without quite understanding the nature of the proceeding. No man would prefer lameness to sound limbs; no man consciously accepts imperfection instead of perfection; but men are blind, prejudiced, one-sided in organization, and hence they often follow, as it were, a narrow stream, in ignorance or in doubt of the broader current close at hand.

One-sidedness is voluntarily accepted, because prejudices, commonly the result of early education, are very rigid and fixed in their nature, the narrow-minded being enamoured of the few ideas and the circumscribed outlook which Nature or their training has given it. But, even when we get among those of large natural gifts and generous culture, we find many who tenaciously adhere to certain preconceived directions of intellectual study, and repel whatever is not in accord with their tastes, their theories, or their sympathies.

And yet, if they would be liberal-minded and large-cultured, they should give attention to those very studies for which they have no liking, should put themselves in contact with those very minds for which they naturally have no sympathy, should labor to understand and appreciate those very arts which their earlier culture has not comprehended.

Why should we carry our individuality and selfhood into our intellectual studies at all? We should not go to literature or the arts to impress, but to be impressed. Why need there be a literature, indeed, if each book is only to reflect what the reader already feels? Why arts, if an art is simply to repeat impressions that exist without it? And yet how perversely, how blindly, how narrowly, we all do persist in going to books and the arts with determined preconceptions of what they should be, of what we mean to like in them and what not to like in them, setting limits to their expression by our own limits of comprehension, seeing nothing and heeding nothing our own obstinate prejudices are not concerned with!

That man is only truly cultured whose broad sympathies are hospitable to every form of intellectual thought or artistic expression—not merely to what his own tastes prompt him to appreciate, but to those things it is incumbent upon him to know and understand. In one's profession it is often necessary to follow one narrow line of study, gaining power by concentration upon a specialty;

but, in the wider domain of one's intellectual life, the whole field should be surveyed and explored. It no doubt seems unnecessary to say this, because theoretically it is commonly acknowledged, and yet, as usually a different philosophy is practised, there is not only excuse but good reason for our repeating it.

There are some men, for instance, who resolutely exclude from their studies whatever is imaginative, and others again whose culture is almost entirely literary and artistic in character. These classes are again subdivided: among the first we find the historical mind with no taste for the sciences, and the scientific mind with no fondness for historical facts. In the second we discover innumerable divisions and subdivisions, many of which are really absurd in their narrow distinctions—portioning the great broad fields of culture into little minor patches, each partisan occupying his own petty space with vast disdain for all the rest.

Here, for instance, is a poetical reader who has no taste for poetry but that of Pope's or Byron's; here another whose affection is only for Tennyson and Longfellow. Here is a reader that cherishes a fondness for Charles Lamb, and a contempt for all the essayists that have come after him. Here is one who, having once been captivated by the pages of Walter Scott, spends the rest of his life in deriding every other school of novel-writing. Here is still another fond of nothing but books of travel and adventure; but, as we have already said, these subdivisions are innumerable.

And not only in literature but in the arts do people cabin, crib, and confine themselves. One connoisseur is devoted to the old masters, and can discover no merit in the modern painters; another likes only the heroic canvases; another only the sweeter and gentler pictures of ordinary life; still another cares only for figure-subjects; and he is confronted by those whose interest and enthusiasm are expended only on landscapes. One man is keenly susceptible to form, but has no eye for color; his friend is passionately fond of music, but is deaf and dumb to nearly every other æsthetic taste; both, possibly, have a liking for a good novel, but neither is impressed by a good play. We might go on for pages enumerating these distinctions, by which people consent to live through half their senses, and with a moiety only of their susceptibilities and their faculties.

Broad reasoning can find no excuse for these badly-made-up bundles of likings and dislikings. The imagination should have range and scope; it should and may possess the capacity of liking all things. One may be fond of imaginative literature as well as philosophic speculation. Because the marvels that science reveals to him fill him with wonder, there is no reason why the beauties the poets unfold should not give him pleasure also. Let us be catholic. Let us go to each thinker, glad to have his thought, and ready

to believe it if we can. Let us go to each poet or novelist, ready to be impressed, willing to follow his fancies, seeking to put ourselves in relation to his art and in accord with his purpose. Because we like peaches, may we not be fond of grapes also? Do we not find a relish in salt as well as in sugar? We don't require our cheese to be olives; we don't demand of claret that it shall have the flavor of sherry; we don't want our dinner to consist of a joint only. And thus, as we like variety for our palates, and find pleasure in a hundred opposed and contrary things for our tables, why should we not be fully as liberal in our intellectual tastes?

Let us go out freely into the intellectual world and enjoy what we shall find. Let us carry nothing with us but entire susceptibility to impressions of whatever kind that may reach us.

All of us should wisely remember an almost infallible rule in these matters, well expressed by a philosopher's recipe for rendering a sermon interesting, which was—listen to it!

— The intemperate zeal of the advocates of what may properly be called the woman question has done more to prejudice sober-thinking people against the movement than all the arguments of their adversaries. It is impossible that some of the more intelligent ladies who aspire to be leaders should not be painfully aware of this; yet it is a significant fact that they learn nothing from experience—that those who advocate the claims of the sisterhood to political and social equality with the tyrant man, still shower the same old denunciations, and discuss the relations of the sexes with the same pert flippancy that characterized their efforts in the beginning. It would appear to an unprejudiced observer that the aim of these speakers was rather to win a cheap notoriety than to advance the cause for which they avow so undying an affection. An illustration in point occurred at the meeting of the Social Science Convention lately held in Boston. The subject of the education of the sexes was under discussion, and the right of girls to admission in all colleges and universities was ably advocated by Colonel Higginson. President Eliot, of Harvard, sustained the other side of the question, and gave his reasons for opposing the movement in a spirit of earnestness, candor, and good temper, which would have won him respectful consideration anywhere but in an assembly of radical firebrands. He stated that he had endeavored to examine the subject in all its bearings; that he had gathered statistics; that he had visited a good many of the leading institutions of the West which admit boys on an equality with girls, and had conversed with many of the teachers of those institutions. The result was, that he had come to the conclusion that this system of education is on the wane in the West, and that, as the communities grow richer, separate schools

for the sexes are providing. He then made specific statements in regard to Oberlin College, where the experiment has been tried for a long time, showing that the system has resulted in the establishment of a separate course for girls, in which the proportion of females is constantly rising, while it is constantly decreasing in the college proper; and gave the personal testimony of teachers, among others of the matron of Oberlin, who told him that on no account would she allow her daughters, or any girls in whom she was interested, to go through the college course. President Eliot lastly advanced *a priori* reasons against the proposed innovation, taking the ground that the male and female mind are not essentially the same, but that sex penetrates the mind deeply and powerfully, and that different intellectual food is required for each. He believed thoroughly in the importance of giving woman a higher education than she now has; but he shrunk from taking part in the responsibility of co-education. One would think that so temperate and candid an expression of opinion would have met with respectful consideration from the most radical audience, particularly when coming from a man who has done more to revolutionize Harvard's ancient conservatism than any of his predecessors; but, unfortunately, Mr. Wendell Phillips was present, and he proceeded at once to extirpate President Eliot's argument—to his own satisfaction, at least—in his customary sophistical manner. He was surprised that any President of Harvard College should offer such an insufficient statement in any assembly of Massachusetts citizens, etc., etc. But Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was dissatisfied with even the great agitator's objurgations, and followed him with an outpouring of rancorous zeal that would have done credit to any of Boston's ancestors. She characterized poor, unoffending President Eliot as the "enemy of human kind," whom she seemed to consider it her special mission to demolish. She informed her audience that "men who are to have responsibility must be able to learn. If, like the Bourbons, they can neither learn any thing nor forget any thing, they must give place to a wiser dynasty." She criticised the "*a priori* ignorance," and made random assertions concerning the morality of Harvard which she made no attempt to prove, and which had little bearing on the main question at issue. No wonder that President Eliot calmly took his hat and retired before such an avalanche of invective. What else could he do? He would not condescend to hold argument with a man using such language in debate, and no gentleman could reply fittingly to a woman thus intemperate. Abject flight was his only resource. How much does the woman movement gain in the minds of thinking men by such advocacy? Objurgation and vituperation may win applause in a mixed assembly, and achieve notoriety for those who deftly wield them, but converts are made only by sober discussion

and weight of argument. Notwithstanding Mrs. Howe, the world will continue to think that President Eliot's opinion is worth something, and that he is conscientious in the course which he has adopted.

— This is the peculiar season when not only the restless of the metropolis remove their household gods to new hearthstones, and the wearied of winter dissipation are casting their eyes wistfully toward Hudson villas and sea-side cottages, but when the poor of other lands are also bestirring themselves, and are thinking of realizing the dream of securing competence, if not fortune, in a new world. Immigration was never more active than this spring. Pat, the bog-trotter, poor Hodge, the farmer, and Fritz, the muscular pillar of Vaterland, are packing up parcels and bundles, buying their tin plates, knives, and forks, and ensconcing themselves in the steerages of ocean-steamers, presently landing in Jersey City and at the Battery. That we have room enough for all, and that the industrious and sober, at least, who are in large proportion on every shipboard, are heartily welcome, no one questions. But emigration has become of late years an intensely-interesting subject in England. Her overgrown population and alarmingly-swelling pauperdom make the annual exodus from Liverpool, Cork, and Southampton, a perceptible relief; the burden of poor rates becomes less heavy; a nook is left here and there in poor-houses; a thoughtless squalor and wretchedness exist in the indigent parlious. But the English, nevertheless, hate to lose so much muscular vitality, so much "man-power;" and would fain utilize it, like a thrifty farmer who transfers a part of an excessive crop to a vacant field, by planting it in their own colonies. So we hear of emigration agencies and societies, appeals to government for aid which it certainly has no business to give, organizations of all sorts to aid emigrants—if they will only emigrate to a British colony. A "self-supporting" society has just been formed in London to help emigration to Canada, by which a man can get to the Dominion for four pounds, and his children at half that price each; and every effort is made to put a premium on those who shut their eyes to the advantages offered by the United States, and choose Canada, Australia, or the Cape, as their future residence. It is found that the very people, however, who are not only most in the way at home, but who would be of most use abroad, are disinclined to emigrate at all. These are the Hodges, the agricultural laborers, the poor fellows who would rather struggle on in a mud-hut, with a pittance of ten shillings a week, than leave the soil of their ancestors. All the efforts, moreover, of the societies, the missionaries, the Exeter Hall meetings, and indirectly of the government itself, do not avail to turn the tide of emigration from this country, any more than Bis-

marck's restrictive and discouraging laws have a similar effect on the Germans. In one week, recently, no fewer than ten thousand souls left the British ports for the United States, while the emigration thence to Canada is scarcely more than it was five years ago, and that to Australia has perceptibly fallen off. In General Walker's admirable census report there are colored maps, showing the comparative density of foreign populations in different parts of the Union; whereupon it appears that the Irish cluster most thickly on the Atlantic coast, from New Jersey to Maine, near where they come off ship; while the Germans are more thickly settled in the West, around Chicago, St. Louis, along the Mississippi, and by the lakes. The English and Scandinavians are scattered over the North and Northwest, while the Southern States show almost a blank of foreign-born citizens; a state of things which may change in a few years.

MINOR MENTION.

— A writer in the current *Westminster Review* very properly makes an appeal for the encouragement of scientific research, pure and simple, without reference to its immediate practical application; but he injures his case, and runs counter to the present wiser tendency to confine the operation of government within the narrowest limits, by urging that men of science should be salaried, for making original research, by the state. The aid of the state is not needed, nor is the state the proper source whence science should be fostered. The reviewer points out very justly that discovery is of far greater importance than invention, since a single discovery—such as that of electricity and that of the chemical combination which produces ether—gives rise to many inventions. The inventor moulds the discoverer's idea into a usable form; but the discoverer is none the less for that an immense practical benefactor to the world. Society, government, and business, alike profit incalculably by discovery, and can better afford to lose, for the while, the benefit of a hundred inventions than a new scientific idea. The writer laments the decline of discovery as a pursuit in England, and points out the evident present superiority of Germany in this respect. But Germany, as a government, really gives very little assistance to seekers after scientific truths; it is the universities which afford these their utensils, leisure, and opportunities. The English universities, with their immense wealth, the interest of which they lavishly bestow upon resident and non-resident Fellows, who, in most cases, idle away their time or read for holy orders, might with good results provide a competence and laboratories for scientific students of ability and reputation, who, unhampered by lectures or examinations, might pursue investigations—such as that into the possible conservation of the now wasted forces of manufactures—with the highest and almost immediate value to the community. Princeton College has recently generously endowed a professor whose

time may be employed, almost without interruption, in his laboratory in search of chemical discovery; and it would be an undoubted service to the community if the example should be followed by Harvard, Yale, Cornell, and other universities.

The numerous divorce cases occurring in America are commonly accepted as evidence of a low condition of morals. But when we find M. Sardou, in his veritable "Uncle Sam," depicting our social iniquity in this direction, the question might naturally arise as to the extent that divorce *ought* to exist in France and other countries of the European Continent. In all lands infidelity is sufficient cause for separation, and yet in Europe society-men scarcely make a pretence of fidelity. The very classes who notoriously practise open immorality decry the frequency of divorce in America, and affect to discover in it a rotten state of morals! The truth is, that American women will not accept the position voluntarily held by many of their sex abroad; they demand of their husbands the same faithfulness they yield themselves; and hence with us, where divorce cases are more numerous than in any other country, the relations between man and wife are actually more sacred and more faithfully maintained on both sides than among our censors and critics.

One of the current English monthlies contains an article entitled "Louis Napoleon painted by a Contemporary," in which a relative of the emperor, Madame R—, makes some shrewd etchings of his character. She says, in the course of a conversation in 1854, that the reason why Napoleon permitted the publication of his uncle's letters to Joseph was, that "he is beginning to be jealous of his uncle. He hopes to become his rival. At first he was satisfied to be Augustus—now he wishes to be also Caesar. He has mistaken," she added, "his avocation. He aspires to be a statesman, perhaps to be a soldier—what Nature intended him for was a poet. He has an inventive, original, and powerful imagination, which, under proper training, would have produced something great. He cannot tolerate French poetry; he is insensible to Racine, but he delights in Shakespeare, Goethe, and Schiller. The great, the strange, and the tragic, suit his wild and somewhat vague habits of thought and melancholy temperament. Of the fine arts, the only one that interests him is architecture, probably from the vastness of its products. He hates music, and does not understand painting or sculpture." In another conversation, referring to the well-known story, she said: "He has not a drop of Dutch blood. In the beginning of July, 1807, Napoleon effected a reconciliation between Hortense and Louis. They met at Montpellier, and spent three or four days—as was usually the case—in quarrelling. She went off in a pet to Bordeaux, where the emperor was on his way to begin the seizure of Spain. She passed a few days with him, and then returned at the end of July to her husband at Montpellier. He has many little bodily tricks resembling those of Louis. . . . In the April of the following year Hortense was frightened and taken ill suddenly, and Louis Napoleon was born on the 20th, twelve days before he was expected. On this pro-

text, Louis, in 1815, tried to get a divorce, but, of course, failed. He was jealous of Hortense, bribed all her servants to watch her, and often said of Louis Napoleon, '*Ce n'est pas mon enfant*;' but he was half mad, and, I believe, said so only to tease his wife. At one time he took possession of Louis Napoleon, and became exceedingly fond of him, which would scarcely have been the case if he had really doubted his legitimacy."

To decide whether Mr. Daly's new drama of "Madeleine Morel" is moral or not is to pass judgment not merely upon this play, but upon a class of plays. Is the play "Camille" or the opera "Trovatore" immoral? If they are, then so is "Madeleine Morel;" for it, like them, deals with highly-improper people, and invites our sympathy for a heroine into whose past it will not do to inquire. The subject must be referred to some general judgment as to artistic limits in this particular; but, for our part, we are disposed to believe that the less men and women know about certain vices and certain classes of sinners the better; and yet, if we establish too rigid a rule, we should have to eliminate from our literature many of its best pages and some of its most remarkable productions. *Madeleine Morel* is a young woman whom circumstance has led into the way of sin; and who, like *Camille*, is inspired by love, to hope and struggle for an escape from the blackness of her past. But, while the play thus deals with improper people, we must say that, with the exception, perhaps, of one incident, there is no impropriety of behavior; the immorality of the performance—of which we hear much—exists almost solely in the topic, and not in the treatment of it. It is a strong, well-constructed play, charmingly put on the stage by Mr. Daly, and well acted by his company. Miss Clara Morris is highly effective in the passionate scenes, but this young lady's monotonous delivery becomes more monotonous, and her various mannerisms are rapidly spoiling her. She has a marvellous dramatic instinct, with a strong but narrow range of expression; she must acquire flexibility, breadth, larger culture, if she hopes to retain her rank as a dramatic artist.

In listening to "Madeleine Morel" we were impressed more forcibly than ever with what we have often pointed out—the bad elocution of our younger actors. Now, by elocution we do not mean studied and artificial methods of delivery, which are commonly associated in men's minds with the word, but simply correct rendering of an author's meaning. One of the accepted faults is always to emphasize a pronoun, regardless of the fact whether the sense calls for it or not. We don't know that we heard in "Madeleine Morel" a single sentence delivered, in which a pronoun occurred, that the sense was not injured. His, her, she, he, you—invariably one of these little words had to bear the whole brunt of the sentence. For instance, one begs of another "your pardon," when no question of anybody else's pardon was involved, and it was "your pardon" that was asked. There were innumerable similar instances which struck us at the time, but which we cannot now recall. And, then, not only pronouns but other minor words continually receive the

actor's uncalled-for attention. The heroine talks about somebody "trampling on her name"—of course, she didn't want to imply any particular method of trampling, supposing different methods to exist, but simply to express the fact. The first word of the sentence would have had no more than justice if it had received the speaker's favor. Bad elocution of this kind not only destroys meaning, it renders delivery very stiff and hard, and fairly worries the ear of the instructed listener. Will not the ladies and gentlemen of the profession be so good as to reform the error altogether?

In an article in the last *Atlantic* entitled "The Summer's Journey of a Naturalist," occurs the following passage: "Though exposed to more change in climate and conditions than any other of the American colonies, these Frenchmen" (the Canadian French) "have changed less than any other of our stocks. The Acadian is a true French peasant, his speech a little changed, but nothing more; in size, manner, habits, and propensities, he is wonderfully near to his origin." Accepting these statements to be true, and we believe they are so, what becomes of the theory that the decline here of English stock in physique is due to climatic influences? It would seem as if this decline might be due to other causes; and if so, it is incumbent upon scientific investigators to find it out. That the French peasant has kept his national characteristics so long may be due to the retention of domestic habits; and, possibly, not climate but food, or other methods of living, may be responsible for the attenuated Yankee. If so, let us withdraw the long-accused climate from the bar, and set there instead the true culprit.

An ado has been made in London about an attempt on the part of Tom Taylor to produce "Hamlet" at the Crystal Palace, in some sort of novel way, the novelty being simply great attention to details in the setting of the play, and to adequacy of cast, all for "artistic and æsthetic reasons, for the sake of dramatic art and the public." Wherein this Shakespearian revival differs from those of Macready's and Charles Kean's in times past, or of Mr. Booth's recently, we do not detect—excepting in the fact that the leading part in former cases was filled by men of genius and of training, and in this case by Mr. Mackaye, whom we all know here as an intrepid and hopeful amateur, but as far from being equal to the part of *Hamlet*. Mr. Taylor made several departures from stage traditions, which met the commendation of the London press, but some of them were introduced here by Mr. Booth. Great boast is made about the accuracy of detail in costumes and furniture. Charles Kean made the same boast, and gave his authority for every costume, coat-of-mail, weapon, etc., in the play. The *Examiner* gives an instance of Mr. Taylor's innovations in the closet-scene: "The pictures here are panels, not miniatures, and the ghost appears, not in mail, but in royal robes, the copy of those in which he is pictured. Of course, the line of argument which led to this change is as follows: The ghost here is purely subjective, seen of *Hamlet* alone; hence he will appear as *Hamlet* has last imagined him, that is, as he is painted

on the panel." But, it may be added, why introduce the ghost at all? His voice heard from the wings would give more mystery and impression to the scene than the very palpable presence of an actor who never for a moment looks like a ghost. We do not gather from the London accounts that this "artistic and æsthetic" "Hamlet" has any special claim for attention, or that Mr. Mack-aye has made any revelations in the dramatic rendition of the part.

—Mr. George Macdonald closed his tour in this country with a lecture on "Hamlet," that apparently exhaustless topic, and succeeded in presenting his subject in a way to elicit the interest of his auditors. Inasmuch as lawyers ransack Shakespeare to prove that he was a lawyer; doctors, to establish that he was learned in medicine; philosophers, to show the extent of his reading in philosophy, it is not surprising to find a clergyman coming first to the religious element in his works. Mr. Macdonald began by illustrating the religious character of "Hamlet"—which no one doubts, as all the Christian world at that time was thoroughly permeated with Christian sentiment and church feeling; but what cannot one prove if he ransacks a book for hints and fragments, each nothing, perhaps, in itself, but which strung together make a goodly show? Mr. Macdonald believes that *Hamlet* never thought of suicide, because he exclaims, "Oh, that the Everlasting had not fixed His canon 'gainst self-slaughter," denying that the famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," referred to self-destruction, but to—what does the reader think?—Why, that "to be or not to be" means "to do or not to do," and that the question *Hamlet* considers is whether he shall execute the long-meditated vengeance on the king—the "to die? to sleep!" philosophy being a train of thought growing out of the probability that in the venture he may come to his own death. Mr. Macdonald seems to base this interpretation mainly upon the lines—

"Enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action,"

which he declares could not refer to suicide. Of course not. But Mr. Macdonald had previously pointed out the broken, desultory, uncontinuous nature of thought in a soliloquy—why did he not see how readily here *Hamlet's* thought was drifting into a wider sea than the current he started upon? The truth, we imagine, is, that *Hamlet* was not debating his own suicide or the act of vengeance, but in a partially abstract way meditating whether it were better to live or die, explaining to himself that no one would endure the vexations and sorrows of life if he could be sure that death did not lead to others "we know not of." If ingenious commentators persist, there will soon be not a passage or line in "Hamlet" the meaning of which anybody can be sure of.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

Mr. Howes's article on "Names and Name-Giving" suggests a few criticisms and observations: Some of his dictionary instances are

very vague; e. g., there is an idea current among etymologists that Karl, the original form of Charles, is connected with the Latin *Corollo*, or with a Slavonic root of analogous signification, and therefore means, first *royal*, and then (by a change like that of the Homeric *dios*) *noble*, or *excellent*. Yet it is more probable that *Karl* was the most common of all proper names, and signified little more than simply *man*. The debased senses of the word in *carle*, "an old man," and *carline* (feminine), "an old woman," "a witch," are familiar to all readers of Lowland Scotch. But the fact that *Karl* was a common name of kings and princes, lent color to the more aristocratic derivation.

Mr. Howe overlooks the real objection to changing a common for a grand name. When a Bugg or a Tidler rechristens himself *Howard*, he is "coming out of a rat-hole with a torch," trying to transform himself from a plebeian to a patrician. "Hell is full of such Howards," as the California miner said, or might have said.

There is one disadvantage about a peculiar name, which goes a good way to counterbalance its advantages. It is certain to be largely misspelt and misunderstood. My own family name is not very difficult or uncouth, but it is peculiar, and, therefore, is constantly confounded with more familiar names, having a more or less distant resemblance to it, *Bristed*, *Bristow*, *Briscoe*, *Bristol*, etc. This confusion and annoyance was one of my reasons for adopting the commoner and easier name of Benson as a literary signature.

Sometimes, when a family is large, and has sufficient family affection, or wealth, or social position, or a combination of these qualities to stick it together and partly resist the centrifugal democratic social force, though the name is distinctive enough in the country at large, it becomes as general and confusing as Smith or Brown in its particular locality. The Livingstons (with or without the final *e*), on the Hudson and in the city of New York, the Sedgewicks (at one time; the family is now less numerous) about Stockbridge, the Haywards (probably) in Lower South Carolina, the Taylors (possibly) in some parts of Virginia, are names of this sort which first occur to me. When some branches of the family make a slight change in the name (adding or dropping a final *e* mute is a common expedient), the intended distinction has the very contrary effect, and the confusion is worse confounded.

CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

Death of Scott's Grandson.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

SIR: Not having met with any mention of the death of Hope Scott in the American journals, I send you the following brief notice of him, as being likely to interest your readers:

James Robert Hope Scott, with the single exception of Sir Roundell Palmer the ablest parliamentary lawyer of Great Britain, and the grandson by marriage of Sir Walter Scott, died in London on the 29th of April, at the age of sixty-one. He had been suffering from a morbid affection of the heart for some time, and his death more than once seemed imminent. As long ago as last summer, when the writer saw him, he was in wretched health. He however rallied, and the more alarming symptoms seemed abated till within a few days before his death. He was the third son of the late Sir Alexander Hope, and grandson of the second Earl of Hopetoun. Having devoted himself to the legal profession, he went to the English bar, where, in 1850, he obtained the rank of queen's counsel. At a very early part

of his career, Hope Scott showed a special aptitude for parliamentary practice, and for ten years before his retirement, in 1871, he was, with one exception, the acknowledged leader in that important branch of the profession. He frequently received enormous retainers from parties who were perfectly aware that he could not take up their cases, but who were entirely willing to pay, in order that their antagonists might not have the benefit of his services. There is no doubt that the amount of labor which he went through in the simultaneous conduct of several important cases was more than his constitution could cope with. The attention which he bestowed on his work was unremitting, and, having gained the reputation of thoroughly mastering every case he took in hand, he was listened to with great respect. He was particularly successful with parliamentary committees, and his success was increased by a commanding presence, and an eloquent and easy delivery. He was not ranked among legal scholars, nor did his branch of the profession demand that accomplishment, as his duties lay in the framing of laws to which he brought a powerful, common-sense, and practical mind to bear. His professional income for several years was about one hundred thousand dollars per annum. Mr. Hope Scott was a member of the Roman Catholic Church, to which body he became a convert after full and mature deliberation. He married, in 1847, Charlotte Harriet Jane, child of the late John Gibson Lockhart, and granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott, whose name he assumed, in addition to his own surname of Hope, in 1858. His wife died after giving birth to several children, all of whom have passed away except one daughter, Mary Monica Scott, now nineteen years of age, and the heiress of Abbotsford. By a second marriage, in 1861, Mr. Hope Scott was united with Lady Victoria Howard, eldest daughter of the late Duke of Norfolk, who died three years ago. He was a deputy-lieutenant of Inverness, and lord to the barony of Abbotsford; was noted for his munificent charities, and for the warm interest he ever exhibited for the welfare of the tenantry of his several Scottish estates, and was a gentleman of fine æsthetic tastes. He was his own architect in the erection of the additions to Abbotsford, and recently edited a new edition, for which he wrote an introductory letter, of "Lockhart's Life of Scott," the noblest monument of both those illustrious men.

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

Art Notes.

DURING the past winter, as all New-Yorkers are aware who have watched the auction-sales, a vast number of foreign pictures have been put into the market; and realistic works and studies by French, German, and Belgian artists have been sold, in which costumes and "still life" by Zamacois, Toulmouche, Cabanel, and their pupils, have played a conspicuous part.

Scattered about here and there among fisher-girls and rascals, fine ladies and their poodles, and cavaliers at feasts, were to be seen, at very rare intervals, little paintings of Madonnas on gold grounds, recalling by their purity of color and expression the works of Fra Angelico. These pictures were curiously painted over a gold under-color, traces of which appear in the shadows of the faces and the dress. Carl Müller, of Düsseldorf, the author of these delicate works, has long been known in America; and just now he is brought

particularly before the public through a cartoon monochrome of the "Holy Family," with which many people are greatly pleased, and photographs of which have for some time been exhibited at Schaus's, who owns the original.

This picture is of circular form, and about four feet in diameter; and to people familiar with engravings from Overbeck this "Holy Family" will at once recall his pre-Raphaelite works. The story of the picture is founded on some legend, we believe, and represents the Madonna sitting with the Child in her arms, and Joseph standing behind them, while to the left of the three figures a young angel, with a stringed instrument in his hands, has apparently come to play to the infant Saviour. Behind the group of figures stretches, away in the distance, a clear lake bordered by hills and trees—a landscape very precise and pre-Raphaelite. Modern religious pictures of this type seem to us out of place—we might almost say commonplace—the idea which produced them formerly has so completely passed away, and, from a faith and an idea, the thought which they contained has become a sentiment—we perhaps should say a sentimentality. But, notwithstanding that this class of works belongs to a past time, as it appears to us, any one must feel this cartoon to be very lovely and pure. The artistic management of the picture is remarkably good. Unlike the stilted, almost theatrical treatment which the religious pictures of the present day usually receive, this group of figures is natural and free from forced effects. The light about the little Jesus seems rather to fall upon him than to emanate from his person, and the spirituality of the drawing consists more in the tender and serene expression of his soft features than in any physical sign. The accessories of the drawing, the vegetation about the figures, and the clear-cut landscape, are rendered with great detail and accuracy—so that altogether, though it may not be a picture we might care to own ourselves, we can well believe it would be a source of immense satisfaction to many pious and refined souls.

The two free art-schools of the city—the schools of the National Academy and the Cooper Institute—have closed this year's session, and exhibitions of the works of the scholars were open for a short time to the public. The aim of the Academy's teaching is purely artistic, while the Cooper Institute, more this year than ever before, has had industrial art as an end. In both schools there have been more pupils than during any previous term, the number of men and women in the two forming an aggregate of about six hundred scholars. The interest of the pupils in their work, and their zeal in its prosecution, have been very great in these institutions; and the art-standard at the Academy has become a very high one. Partly owing to their study of good pictures, to which the scholars have been much devoted, and also, naturally, from the development of ideas, the conception of excellence has changed, in the Antique School, from the consideration of the superficial forms of the statues to the internal structure of the figures, the result being more complexity in the drawings than has ever before been exhibited. The study from life, too, though as yet incomplete in itself, is telling on the Antique School; and appreciation of the rendering of outline, flesh, and muscle, is observable as the result of the life-study, such as has not appeared until now. Many of the drawings have much pictorial effect in the management of light and shadows, perception of tone and color, and unity, which give prom-

ise of considerable results in the future work of the students.

During the spring a fine study from life, of a French peasant-girl, hung for some time on Goupil's walls. It was called a *picture*, and the composition was good enough, but the strong, vigorous form, and elastic, healthy muscles of this painting, made its great charm. The picture is by Jules Breton, and is called "La Fileuse" ("The Spinner"). Against a background of cold, windy sea, this peasant-girl is sitting on some rocks, winding her flax on a reel. Her face and arms are tanned by wind and sun; and the expression of her small, dark eyes is keen and hardy, like that we sometimes see in organ-grinders and street-singers. But her cheeks are charmingly soft and oval in their look of pure, out-door-y health; and her strong limbs, outlined through her scanty clothing, give the impression of a free young animal, ready to climb and jump and run, to row a boat, and hoist and lower its sails. The figure is life-size, and is a charming, spirited study, entirely free from conventionality, the girl as fresh and animated as the salt-sea waves which dance behind her, or the pure wind which waves her hair.

The Cooper Institute, in addition to the engraving class for women that has been in existence several years, and has produced many professional artists in this department, added this year a class of photography to its scheme of instruction, and, though it is yet too much in its infancy to show of what results it is capable, has thus far fitted thirty or more young women for positions in photographic galleries, where they are now earning a comfortable living. The Women's Drawing School, which has contained during the year about two hundred pupils, has had for its aim to ground the scholars in the elements of drawing; and from this class more than a dozen women have been fitted for the Academy of Design during the year, while large numbers have studied form and light and shade to enable them to go on successfully in designing on wood and in illustration, and to learn the delicacy and gradation necessary to retouch and finish photographs with success.

Literary Notes.

NOW that Mr. Howells's "A Chance Acquaintance" has run its course in the pages of the *Atlantic*, and appears in the pleasant dress that can be given to a book meant for the effortless reading of summer, the hearty pleasure that we have found in the charming little story is more than renewed. We use the word "charming" in its most literal sense, and not as a mere *façon de parler*, such as we fear it often seems when it is carelessly written; it is exactly the adjective to describe the nameless, healthy grace that marks all that comes from Mr. Howells. For he has done more than excite admiration as a most perfect master of literary skill, as undoubtedly the most graceful and pure prose-writer our lighter literature has to boast; he has called forth in all his readers a feeling of really personal gratitude—one can almost say, of personal attachment. He has made himself a man who is thought of and spoken of in half the homes of the country with truly warm-hearted pleasure, such as his own books give when one reads them. The reason why he has gained this truest and most enviable kind of fame is not far to seek. His writings are something more than fresh and attractive, or quietly genial. It is long since

any one, though he has written ever so brightly, has been content to find his subjects in the healthy, simply natural side of humanity alone, and to put the study of its pathology aside—to say, "There is enough study of disease and sadness in the world already; what I give to it shall be pure health and cheer." And it is long since any one, having begun to show us life in this light, has sketched with such subtlety, with such delicate, sunshiny touches, with such perfect skill, unerring and yet unstudied. For every thing that Mr. Howells has written everybody has been really grateful, and—best thought for an author—every thing he has written has done unalloyed good. "A Chance Acquaintance," without being in any sense a sequel of the admirable "Wedding Journey," nevertheless follows, as every reader of the *Atlantic* knows, somewhat in its track. Its story deals with an episode in the life of Miss Kitty Ellison, the old friend of Mr. Howells's readers, and with her companions in travel—the colonel, and that admirably-drawn picture of inconsistent and paradoxical womanhood, his wife. But into this new summer romance there has come a character that must be called perfectly unique, in conception as in completeness. Mr. Arbuton is too great for us to bungle here over a description of him, when we can read the only true one ever written—Mr. Howells's own. To "A Chance Acquaintance" let every one turn, therefore, who would know "Mr. Miles Arbuton, of Boston, Massachusetts," the first and only true representative, in all our literature, of the incarnate spirit of the first city of the universe. If Mr. Howells's book had had no other merit, Mr. Arbuton would have immortalized it.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have just published a work no less noteworthy for the excellence of its conception than for the thoroughness and ability with which its design is carried out. This is Dr. Robinson's "Suggestive Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans," forming one of the commentaries on the New Testament, arranged after the plan of Dr. W. H. Van Doren, of Chicago, to whom is due the method in which all this series of works is prepared, and by which it is claimed—and it seems to us with justice—that they exceed other commentaries having the same purpose. That purpose is thus briefly stated in Dr. Robinson's preface: "It was Dr. Van Doren's object, in the present undertaking, to popularize the Bible, and to provide for teachers of Sabbath-schools, conductors of Bible-classes, and preachers who might lack time and opportunity for greater preparation, a concise, ready, and, at the same time, interesting help in their important labors. The rule and characteristic feature of the work was to be rigid *condensation*. . . . The work was to be a kind of imitation of Bengel's 'Gnomon'—as Tholuck expresses it, 'every pointing of the finger a sunbeam, and each hint a gleam of lightning.' The present commentary, like the rest in the series, was to consist of two parts: the first, practical and homiletical, intended for ordinary readers; the second, critical, and designed especially for scholars." Thus explaining Dr. Van Doren's design, Dr. Robinson proceeds to carry it out with remarkable skill. The book is crowded with suggestion, and so completely has the matter been systematized, that even a reader taking it up with the least knowledge of the manner of using such a work, will find the arrangement clear to him at once.

Very few of those who make that most ambitious attempt in romance-writing—the production of a worthy historical novel—succeed in it so well as Mr. John Esten Cooke has done

in his recently-published story, "Her Majesty the Queen." He must have good courage who will choose his subject from one of the most benumbed periods of English history—the times of the revolution, of Cromwell, of Charles I.—and will put his story into the autobiographic form, which few but Thackeray have ever been able to use skillfully in historic romance; yet this is what Mr. Cooke has done, and, although we should be no more willing than he himself to put the result beside the very greatest books of its class, he has certainly produced a decidedly good study, and one remarkably free from all the evils that are so apt to creep into such a work. We like the book, and we think it deserves and will have a success that will gratify its author.

Mr. Edward Everett Hale's "Ups and Downs" is a bright and cheery book, with all the healthy vivacity and power of narrative that distinguishes all that its author writes. Perhaps it is less marked by Mr. Hale's striking and almost always enjoyable peculiarities of style than many recent books from the same pen; it is more like the ordinary—or rather more like the best—class of stories of a young man's life—its difficulties, practical and mental; it is not a great story, as it seems to us that "Ten Times One is Ten" really was, but it is excellent nevertheless. We like Jasper Rising, but Oscar seems to us a somewhat strained character; and Bertha is not so German as she should be. "Ups and Downs" will be a welcome book among boys, as are all Mr. Hale's writings; and it is good to think that it will work everywhere for their real benefit, without preaching.

"The Coal-Regions of America," by James Macfarlane, just published by the Messrs. Appleton, is one of the most carefully-prepared works of its class. Simple, direct, and without useless technicality, it is not only a thorough treatise, but a book which will be most useful to the ordinary reader, by its refreshing clearness, and the admirable quality it possesses of telling one precisely those facts he most desires to know. The volume has been provided with every thing that could aid the author's work. Excellent maps, among which the large colored one of the coal-regions of Pennsylvania is especially noteworthy, are given wherever the subject requires their assistance; and the book abounds in good diagrams, geological plans, etc.

The translation of A. Privat Deschanel's "Elementary Treatise on Natural Philosophy," which has been published by D. Appleton & Co., is now completed by the appearance of the fourth part—"Sound and Light."

Scientific Notes.

THE following incident in the early life of the late Dr. Torrey will be received with peculiar interest at this time; and it is probable that its narration may serve to recall to many of our older citizens other equally interesting and suggestive passages in the life of this distinguished scholar. The story, as told by the editor of the *Journal of Applied Ornithology*, runs as follows: "The manner in which a taste for natural objects and a thirst for a more intimate knowledge of plants was first awakened in Dr. Torrey is quite remarkable. His father held some official station which required him to visit the prisons of the city of New York, and he had frequently accompanied the parent on these tours of inspection. In old State-prison, which at that early day was

somewhere about Twenty-third Street, and situated in the country, they found a man in the office of the superintendent who had been condemned to serve out a short term, but was generally believed to have been innocent of any offence. This prisoner was taken into the office to keep the books. He was a man of learning, and especially a fine botanist. Whenever young Torrey appeared at the prison the book-keeper would point out from the window some plants growing in the vacant lots opposite, and ask the boy to go and fetch them; the two then sat down in the office to analyze and dissect the specimens, presenting the curious spectacle of a prisoner in convict's costume teaching a well-dressed boy. The lad never forgot the lessons, and from the taste thus acquired dates his application to the study of botany, in which science he was destined to achieve the most distinguished success. The prisoner was ultimately acquitted of all guilt, and became one of the most useful scientific men of the country."

We believe that it has already been announced to our readers, in a former number of the *JOURNAL*, that a dredging-party, while off the coast of Florida, secured an old anchor-chain, to the sides of which were attached specimens of coral of such a size as would seem to have justified the conclusion that they were the result of the growth of many centuries, and yet the conditions of the discovery were such as to prove beyond all apparent doubt that they were of very recent formation. The significance of this discovery, in modifying certain theories regarding the rate at which coral deposits are formed, is evident. Another argument advanced by geologists as a conclusive proof that certain fossils found in the caves and caverns of England were of enormous antiquity, was based on the fact that the remains obtained from these caverns were found beneath stalagmitic layers of so great depth that their age was beyond computation; or, in a word, were "prehistoric." It now appears, however, that Nature has been more active in its work than was supposed possible, and Mr. Boyd Dawkins, as the result of observations in the Ingleborough cave, known as the Jockey's Cap, Yorkshire, England, reaches the conclusion that, so far as the recent stalagmitic deposits are concerned, they must have been growing at the rate of 0.9946 of an inch per annum—a rate which, if constant from the first, would make the stalagmites and stalactites in this cavern no older than the time of Edward III., A. D. 1327. Should subsequent observation confirm these calculations, it is evident that these deposits, like the coral growths, must be used with caution as evidences of the actual age of fossils, or so-called prehistoric remains which may be found beneath them, or to which they may be attached.

Professor Daniel Draper, director of the Central Park Meteorological Observatory, takes occasion, in his last annual report, to correct a false impression very generally entertained by the public—that the clearing of land diminishes the fall of rain. Comparing the reports of rainfalls from the years 1835 to 1873, it appears that, while during this period the average annual rainfall was 47.62 inches, the average for the last three years of this period was 47.06 inches. These results appear fully to justify Professor Draper's conclusion that "the widespread public impression that the clearing of land diminishes the volume of rain is not founded on fact." He adds, furthermore, that, although in the last thirty-six years great changes have been made in all those portions of the United States intervening between the

Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean, large surfaces having been cleared of forests, and their physical aspect essentially altered, no corresponding diminution in the mean amount of water that has fallen can be traced. This opinion seems also in accord with that of European meteorologists, who assert that the mean rainfall on the western portion of that continent varies little, if at all, when periods of many years are considered. These opinions seem deserving of especial consideration, owing to the fact that the records upon which they are based extend back to the year 1677 in England; 1781 in Scotland; and 1791 in Ireland; while in Paris the annual rainfall was not found to have altered in one hundred and thirty years.

"Children's ears should never be boxed." So writes an eminent surgeon in the June number of *THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY*. Though the statement will doubtless be received by many a juvenile reader in the light of a "self-evident proposition," there may yet remain a few parents and rural pedagogues to whom the reasons for the abolition of this form of rebuke may be of interest. "We have seen," writes Professor Hinton, "that the passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane especially adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this membrane than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it? If any one designed to break or overstretch the membrane he could scarcely devise a more effective means than to bring the hand suddenly and forcibly down upon the passage of the ear, thus driving the air violently before it, with no possibility for its escape but by the membrane giving way." So reasonable are these conclusions that there was not needed even the high authority of the writer for the subsequent statement that "many children are made deaf by boxes on the ear." It is unfortunate, however, that this and many other rebukes of the same order precede the reason, and hence a safer general order might be issued to the intent that no child should ever receive any form of corporal punishment until the parent or preceptor has stopped to reason—first with the child, and then with himself.

An artificial cooking butter is largely sold in Paris under the title of "Margarine." It is prepared from raw ox-tallow by gently heating it with water, potash, and macerated tripe; the purified, cooled, and salted product is then submitted to hydraulic pressure to remove the stearine; the result is a yellow substance very much resembling butter that has been heated. It is said to be more durable than the natural product. A similar substance may be made by treating the tallow with a diluted hot solution of carbonate of soda—one part of carbonate with thirty parts of water—and then washing the product, first with water containing one per cent. of hydrochloric acid to remove the alkali, and then again with pure water. It is said that butter prepared by this latter method was used by the citizens of Paris during the late siege.

It will doubtless surprise many of our readers to learn that the mean rainfall of New York City exceeds that of London in the proportion of 47.62 inches in New York to 35 inches in London, from which may be estimated the relative importance of continual "drizzles" and occasional "pours." It is stated by a Prussian horticulturist that when the leaves of the common chickweed unfold and its flowers remain open and erect till mid-day, bright weather may be expected; but

when the plants droop, and the flowers do not open, then look out for showers.

Dr. Carpenter has discovered that in the Mediterranean Sea the water below a certain depth shows an excess of carbonic acid and deficiency of oxygen, and the scarcity of animal life at depths below one hundred and fifty or two hundred fathoms is attributed to this diminished supply of oxygen.

In order to preserve meat for great length of time, Dr. Enderman recommends that the meat, having been first cut into thin slices, be dried at a temperature of about 140° Fahr., and afterward ground to a powder and enclosed in sealed cans.

To Professor John W. Draper, of the University of New York, belongs the honor of having taken the first photographic portrait from life; and Professor Morse, who, though he never claimed the honor, has received credit for it, never made a photograph until he had learned the art in the laboratory of Professor Draper.

A new fuel is being introduced into Ireland. It is manufactured from the refuse which accumulates at the mouth of the coal-pits; this is first crushed in a mortar-mill, and when pulverized is mixed with water, certain chemicals, and clay; the mixture is then pressed or moulded into cylindrical cakes.

Canvas and other fabrics may be rendered water-proof by first washing them in a solution of sulphate of ammonia, and then treating with some resinous soap. By this means there is precipitated upon the surface of the material a resinous alumina soap, impervious to water.

Dr. T. R. Lewis has discovered in the blood of patients affected with the tropical disease called chyluria large numbers of a new blood-entozoon, having an average length of 0.175 of an inch—being, therefore, much smaller than the trichina spiralis.

The explosive compounds known as litho-fracture, dualin, dynamite, etc., consist chiefly of nitro-glycerine, more or less solidified by mixing it with sawdust, sand, or, as in the case of the dynamite manufactured in Europe, a siliceous, infusorial earth.

If whiskey, diluted with seven times its weight of water, be treated with ozonized air, it will in a short time be entirely converted into vinegar. A single establishment in France has manufactured ninety barrels of pickling vinegar a day by this process.

Boussingault has succeeded in preserving beef-tea and sugar-cane juice fresh for eight years by first exposing them in hermetically-sealed cans to a temperature of 4° above zero, Fahr.

As a means for preserving the interior of iron ships from the action of the sea-water, Professor Calvert recommends that a certain quantity of soda-ash be introduced from time to time into the bilge-water.

The iron districts of Georgia are being rapidly developed, new companies with heavy capital having been recently organized to push forward the work.

Black mustard-seed is said to contain twenty-five per cent. of an oil resembling colza-oil, and capable of being used for the same purpose.

It is said that ozone may be generated by blowing cold air through a series of flames from ordinary Bunsen burners.

Sayings and Doings of the Hour.

THE death of Macready elicited many warm eulogies from the English press. The *Saturday Review* concludes a long article with the following quotation: "Under his rule the theatres fulfilled the promise of their patents, that they were instituted 'for the promotion of virtue, and to be instructive to the human race.' It was not by accident that the poetic drama grew to its highest prosperity in England during a long, and arduous, and ultimately triumphant war. The temper of men's minds in 1814 was well adapted to be influenced by the ardent genius of Keats. We cannot reproduce, except at the price of equal sacrifices and sufferings, the feeling of society 'when hope long doubtful soared at length sublime,' and therefore, if we had another Macready, we could not place him in the circumstances necessary to success. Great men are nurtured amid great events. Mr. Macready's birth was coincident with that of the first French Republic, and he survived the second French Empire. When for the last time in public he spoke the lines—

'I have lived long enough; my way of life
Is laid into the sea, the yellow leaf'—

he could not have hoped to be able to look back upon his farewell of the theatre through more than twenty years' enjoyment of the love and honor that should accompany old age. He exceeded the common lot of man alike in the duration and varied experience of his life—

'We that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.'"

Bayard Taylor saw Prince Frederick William of Prussia at the opening of the Vienna Exposition, and thinks he improves on a nearer view. "In his photographs there is a half-sullen gathering of the eyebrows and a hard vacancy in the gaze, which do not belong to the real man. His eyes are an unusually light blue, which accounts for their photographic dullness; but they are in reality bright, frank, and winning. His face expresses a good deal of Matthew Arnold's 'sweetness and light;' I should name, as its two prominent characteristics, virility and honesty." At the same time he saw the Prince of Wales, who was walking very rapidly to avoid the crowd. He "had buttoned his brown coat to bind in the growing rotundity of his body, and walked very lightly considering his weight. His face is thoroughly amiable and good-humored, but nothing more; his reign will bring no dangers to England."

The Countess Guiccioli left some literary remains, which are described as both voluminous and highly interesting. Their publication, it is said, whenever it shall take place, will throw considerable light upon certain portions of Byron's history. Among the manuscripts is a work by the countess on the great poet's stay in Italy, which is complete, and contains a number of unpublished letters and notices of contemporary persons and events of the greatest interest. Among the autograph manuscripts of the poet are several whole cantos of "Don Juan;" and, what is of even greater importance, a Byron correspondence from 1820 to 1823.

The demolition of the old *Tribune* buildings, one of the landmarks of the lower part of the city, was commenced recently. The *Tribune* company have acquired additional property, which gives them a front of over ninety feet on Printing-house Square, one hundred feet on Spruce Street, and twenty-nine feet on Frankfort; and, on this liberal space, a new building, nine stories high, and surmounted by a lofty tower, is to be erected, which, it is promised, "in beauty as well as in bulk, will be the most considerable business edifice on the southern part of the island."

The Chicago journals are chuckling over a lucky property-owner in that city. He owned a piece of ground near the new South Park, and, being asked his price for it, wrote a letter fixing it, as he supposed, at twenty thousand dollars; but, by affixing one more cipher than he intended, he made it two hundred thousand. A reply was promptly received de-

clining to give that amount, but offering to make it one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which he accepted. And this is the way real estate goes in Chicago.

The *Pull Mall Gazette* thinks that, if strict attention were paid to having jurymen equal in science and muscular strength, the Irish plan of thrashing each other into a verdict would probably as a rule be quite as satisfactory as those arrived at by exercise of the brain. In the mean time, however, it points out that there is always risk, in the case of an Irish jury especially, that, when unlocked after a long deliberation, there may be nothing left of them but a few bones.

A stupendous engineering enterprise, which will entirely overshadow the Mont Cenis and Hoosac Tunnels, is now being discussed in Colorado. It involves no less than a tunnel under the Rocky Mountains, which will be twelve miles long, which will open up innumerable lodes of gold and silver, and which is to be constructed entirely at the expense of that confiding race of beings—the English capitalists.

It is rumored that the ex-King of Spain is turning his experience in that country to account by writing a book, which, according to report, will bear the title of "The History of King Amadeo, written by Himself." The book is divided into four parts, treating respectively and successively of Queen Isabella's regime, of the interregnum under Prim, of the Hohenzollern incident, and of the two years' reign of the writer.

A Philadelphia tribunal has decided that, when a person buys a ticket for the theatre, it includes a seat, unless he is warned at the time of purchase that the seats are all taken. This is certainly equity if not law; and its general enforcement would do away with the familiar sights at our theatres of people standing during the play, while unoccupied "reserved seats" are vacant in all parts of the house.

A Boston journalist, who met Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps lately, says her looks are a flat contradiction to her writings, which seem to represent her as a vivacious, healthful person, overflowing with hope. Far from being so, however, she is "frail, fallow, and very ill, and wears not a bright tint in all her costume to give it a cheerful gleam."

The last Legislature of Michigan voted to free the convicts in the State-prison from the humiliation of wearing striped clothes, and granted them permission to correspond with their relatives and friends. The State also devotes funds to their education, and is to give each one, when discharged, ten dollars in cash and ten dollars' worth of clothing, besides the money he may have earned by overwork.

Gerald Massey sends the following poem—what he entitles "The Fly in Amber"—to *Cassell's Magazine*:

"The gleam that caught him here seems fixed, and he,
Of all the vanished myriads, visibly
Attains the golden immortality.
Type of the poet perished in his flame,
Who dies to live! the lure of a name,
And still be looked at, fossilized in fame."

Professor Agassiz has written a letter disclaiming the utterance of any such sentiments concerning the structural and chemical differences between negroes and white men as have been imputed to him, and of which we recently made a note. He says that he does not pretend to be a chemist, and that the utterance of such assertions would simply make him the laughing-stock of the learned world.

Mosquitoes and flies are so bad in California this season that the people spend most of the time in inventing new and peculiar remedies. One physician advises, first a bath in a solution of soft-soap and treacle, then a sprinkle of sawdust on the head, after which the patient should take to his bed and maintain perfect repose.

Twenty-five million dollars is the "allowance" of the Shah of Persia for the expenses of his European tour. Now, let us estimate how many of his famine-stricken subjects this sum would have saved, if applied judiciously last summer.

A critic in the *Pull Mall Gazette*, after struggling hopelessly with a four-volume novel, is convinced that "it should be made an offence punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any author to write a novel in more than three volumes, unless he or she can furnish proof of extenuating circumstances of a satisfactory kind—such as extreme ability, great originality, or the sustained power of interesting the reader, previous success in a similar venture, and the like;" and thinks, further, that the same penalty should be extended to all memoirs whatsoever.

Calcraft, the English hangman, has concluded to retire from official life, and seek repose in cultivating roses, dahlias, and tulips, for which he has a great though unsuspected taste. His principal regret at leaving the profession is that he has not had the opportunity of "performing" on newspaper reporters!

The late Sir John Bowring was noted for his quaint sayings, among which was this, concerning the marriage service: "With this ring I thee wed," is sorcery; "with my body I thee worship," is idolatry; and "with my worldly goods I thee endow," is a lie.

Punch has a friend, a total abstainer, who has hitherto been a great admirer of Milton, but who feels his faith in that poet somewhat shaken on finding that he refers to the "Empire of Negus" without one single word of disapproval.

There are four Missourians at least who would lose money should the people suddenly become virtuous and law-abiding. They have leased the State penitentiary, by paying a bonus of one thousand dollars and all the expenses of the prison, and the convicts will be worked for their benefit.

An inventive Maine man has patented an artificial oyster, made out of flour-paste, tapioca, salt, and water. The inventor places this mixture in second-hand oyster-shells, which are carefully glued round the edges, and when a customer asks for a dozen raw on the half-shell, he gets them fresh from the factory.

The Earl of Pembroke, visitor of Jesus College, has reversed the absurd decision which we noted recently, and holds that a widower is not a married man, and is therefore eligible to a college fellowship.

Exiles to Siberia are now conveyed by rail and steamer as far as Tomsk, thus obviating to a great extent those frightful sufferings, the record of which forms one of the darkest pages in the history of human misery.

Señor Castelar has found time to write a "Life of Lord Byron," which he has just published in Madrid, and which is said to be one of the most original monuments of later Spanish literature.

The Rev. Mr. Ancient, whose intrepidity at the time of the Atlantic's wreck showed him to be possessed of the ancient spirit of self-sacrificing heroism, has been appointed one of the assistant pastors of Trinity Church.

Meissonier has sold a picture, on which he is still engaged, for sixty thousand dollars. It is a battle-piece, and it is entitled "Charge des Cuirassiers."

It costs twenty dollars to laugh in Georgia; at least, that was the fine inflicted by a local judge upon a couple of lawyers who laughed at him in court.

One of the daughters of M. Prévost-Paradol, the French minister who committed suicide in Washington a couple of years ago, has taken the veil and entered a convent in Paris.

Mr. Holman Hunt, one of the leading English artists, has been commissioned by Queen Victoria to paint for her a copy of the head of Christ.

A London apothecary advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new patent-medicine, and adds that "it will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker."

A recent French writer divides the seasons in London into three equal parts—four months of winter, four of fog, and four of rain.

The recent annexation of the lower part of Westchester County to New York gives the city a total population of just one million.

Madame Ristori will act in London next season, and it is not impossible that she may be induced to make another visit to America.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

MAY 17.—The first clause of the bill for the suppression of religious bodies in Rome approved by the Chamber of Deputies, and the second clause adopted, granting the pope four hundred thousand lire annually for the maintenance of generals of the orders. A mob in Florence opposes the Religious Corporations Bill.

The German Government resolves upon the banishment within six months of the members of the chief monastic orders.

Rahid Pacha succeeds Sarfet Pacha as Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Colonel George Williamson appointed United States Minister to Central America.

MAY 18.—Dispatch of Sir Samuel Baker's successful progress up the White Nile.

Report that Don Carlos had assumed the command of an army of fifteen thousand in Navarre, on the 14th inst. The Government troops in Aragon under Colonel Moreno, reported defeated by the Carlists under General Tristany.

The charges of bribery and corruption made against the suspended American commissioners to the Vienna Exposition reported sustained.

Death, at Zanesville, O., of Hon. Ezekiel T. Cox.

The Kickapoo Indians having committed outrages on the Texan borders, General McKenzie, of Fort Clark, attacks and routs them near the Santa Rosa Mountains, in Mexico, killing nineteen warriors and capturing forty squaws and one hundred horses.

MAY 19.—Battle at Antelope Creek between the Modocs and Hasbrouck's command. Five warriors killed and ten squaws captured. Modocs reported fled to Snow Mountain, and joined by Pitt-River Indians.

Intelligence of the death of Lieutenant-General George T. Napier, of the British Army.

M. Casimir Perier appointed, by President Thiers, Minister of the Interior; M. Tourton, Minister of Public Worship; M. Béranger, Minister of Public Works; and M. Waddington, Minister of Public Instruction.

MAY 20.—M. Louis Buffet reflected President of the French National Assembly.

Reports of outrages and murders by the Kickapoo Indians on the Mexican border.

Intelligence of fighting on the 7th and 8th inst. at Panama, between the State troops under ex-President Corrozo and national troops upholding the deposed President Neira; the latter to be recalled.

Death of Prince Alexander John Couza, first Prince of Moldavia and Wallachia, compelled to abdicate in 1866; and of Sir George E. Cartier, an able Canadian statesman.

Sanahuja surrenders to Don Alfonso. Twenty of the garrison butchered by the Carlists and forty missing, also reported murdered. The militia at Barcelona demand retaliation.

MAY 21.—Ten thousand Atcheenese and Battas reported marching on Dell, Sumatra.

M. Martel elected Fourth Vice-President of the National Assembly of France. The Holland ministers tender their resignations.

MAY 22.—Intelligence of an election riot at Merida, Mexico; thirty persons killed and fifty wounded.

General Valverde orders all males between fourteen and sixteen years of age to military service in the Spanish ranks.

President Grant issues a proclamation, warning turbulent and disorderly persons in Louisiana to disperse within twenty days.

Death, in New York, of Joseph Fagnani, artist.

Several towns in Iowa visited by a terrible tornado, destroying many buildings and injuring many people, and killing several.

Death, at Rome, of Count Alexander Manzoni, native Italian poet and novelist, aged eighty-nine.

MAY 23.—Dispatch of the destruction by fire of the palace of the Mikado of Japan at Yeddo, 5th inst.

Intelligence of war on the African Gold Coast, between the Ashantees and the Fantees, and of a battle on March 10th, in which two thousand of the former and one thousand of the latter were slain.

MAY 24.—Resignation of President Thiers; election by the Assembly of General MacMahon as President of the French Republic.

Death of James W. Wallack, tragedian.

Notices.

TO INVESTORS.—To those who wish to reinvest Coupons or Dividends, and those who wish to increase their income from means already invested in other less profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, as well secured and unusually productive.—JAY COOKE & Co.

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